THE BYSTANDER
Vol. XCIX.—No. 1290
SEPTEMBER 5, 1928
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The BYSTANDER

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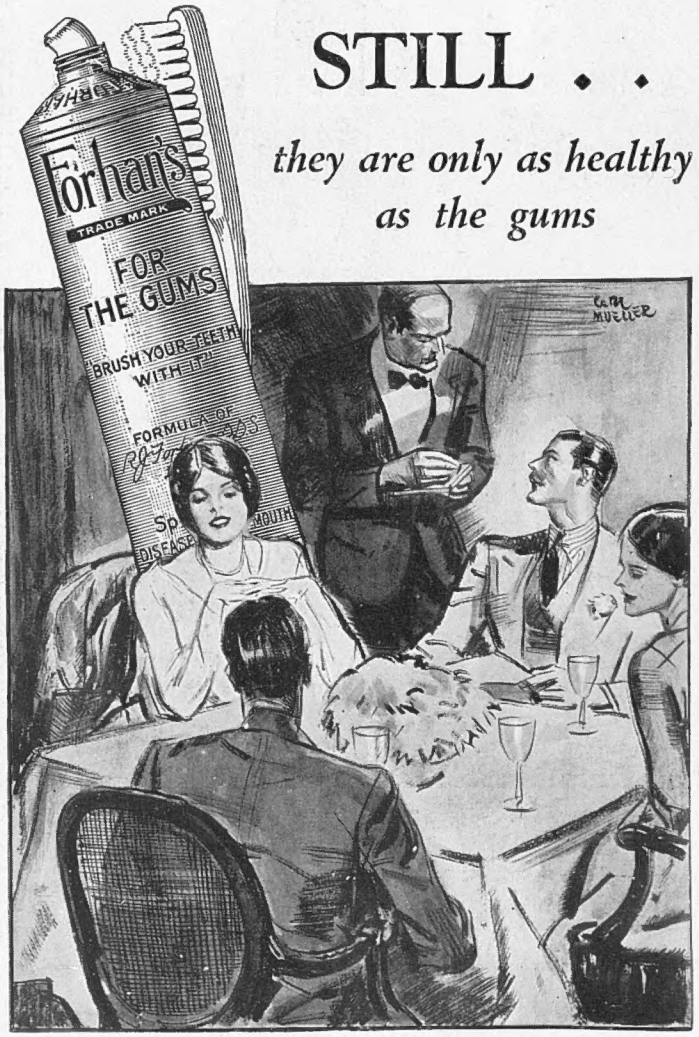

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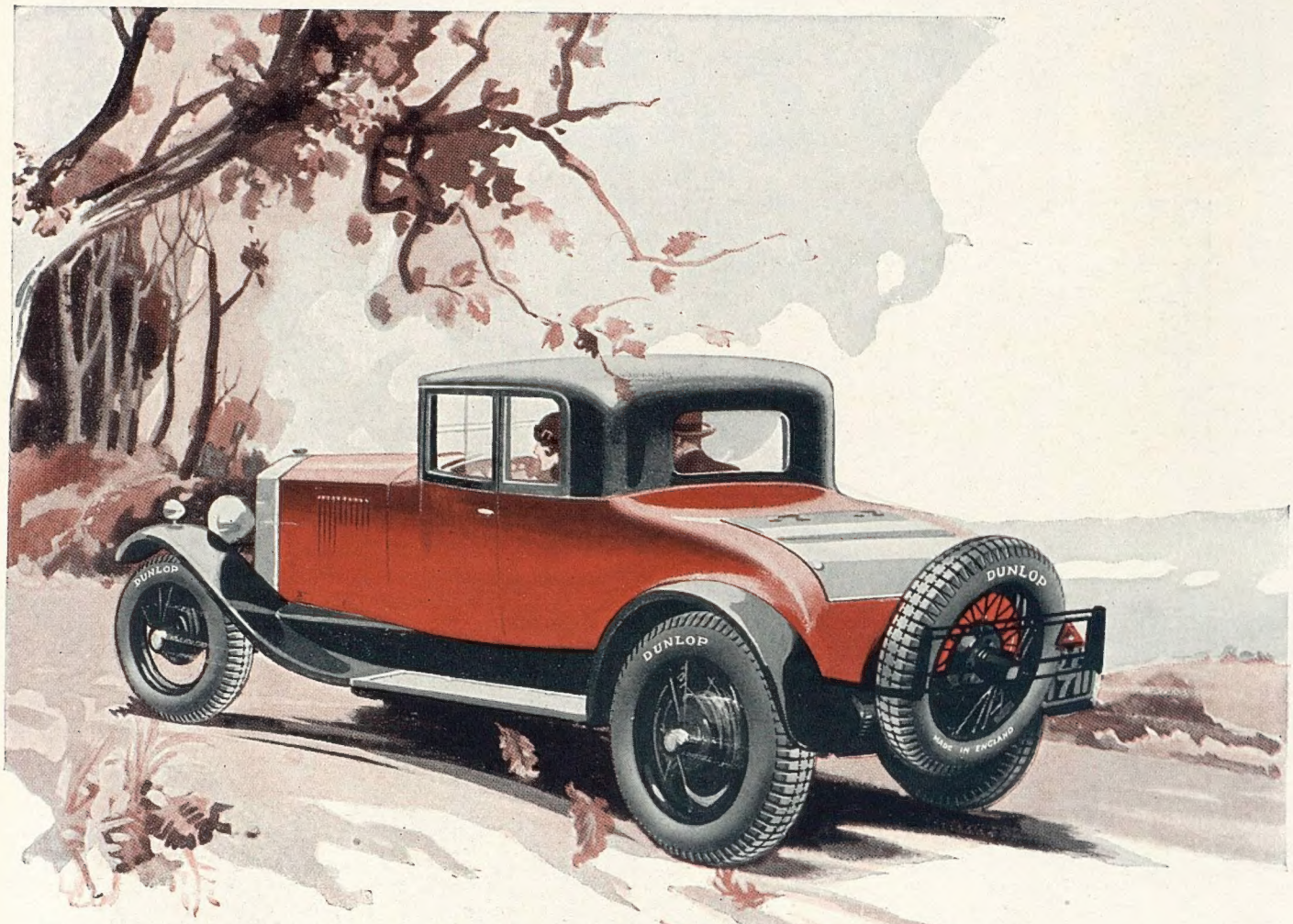
The Bystander, September 5, 1928

No. 1290. Vol. XCIX

The BYSTANDER

BY FRANK M. LEA

"PRUNES AND PRISMS!"



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Autumn days are safe Motoring days now if your car runs on

DUNLOP TYRES

As British as the Flag

C.F.H.386

A GESTURE OF PEACE *P. and A.*

A group of the signatories of the Peace Pact who were the guests of President Loumergue at the Chateau de Rambouillet photographed after the signing of the Pact. In the foreground can be seen M. Briand, President Doumergue, Mr. Kellogg, Count Uchida and Mr. Herrick, the U.S. Ambassador to France

WHO, WHEN AND WHERE

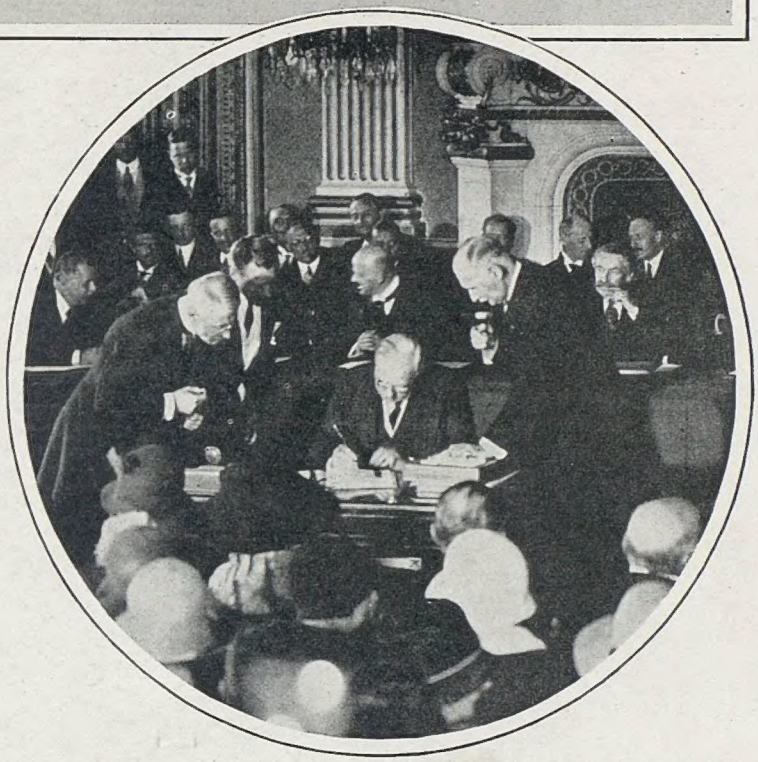
BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Marlborough House and Traffic

I WONDER how many distinguished folk of every nationality have written their names in the visitors'-book room at Marlborough House which, together with the lodge and the police office, has just been pulled down to make room for the widening of the sharp corner from Pall Mall into Marlborough Gate.

That little room has seen a procession of people of the highest distinction in our own country and from practically every civilised country in the world, coming, during over sixty years, to write their names in the book, first of King Edward when he was Prince of Wales. Then, thirty-eight years later, in King George's book when he was Prince of Wales, and for fifteen years after the King's accession, in Queen Alexandra's book. Now, when the Prince of Wales goes into residence at Marlborough House—as it is announced he will, after his return from his tour with the Duke of Gloucester in South Africa—he will find a new visitors'-book room. It is to be built in the forecourt, but some fifty feet nearer the front door than the old one.

Between three and four thousand square feet of the forecourt at Marlborough House are to be thrown into Pall Mall to relieve the congestion of traffic from Pall Mall and St. James's Street into the Mall. This means pulling down the entrance gate, the boundary wall, the lodge, visitors'-room, and police office. The new entrance from Pall Mall will be fifty-one feet farther back than the old one through which most of the crowned heads of Europe have driven during the last sixty years.



AT THE QUAI D'ORSAY *Fox Photo*

The scene in the Salle de l'Horloge at the French Foreign Ministry during the actual signing of the Peace Pact. Lord Cushenden, the British representative, is seen appending his signature

Older folk, naturally, see with regret the passing of landmarks with which they have been familiar all their lives. The entrance to Marlborough House, with its two ugly sentry boxes, was neither distinguished nor impressive. In fact, compared with the entrances to the palaces of many foreign heirs-apparent to thrones it was distinctly mean. But for two generations it had been a Royal landmark to the lieges.

However, if it is sad to see it swept away, together with the dirty brick wall, even the most conservative objector should remember that the Prince's sacrifice of a large portion of the forecourt at Marlborough House may save the objector's own conservative neck being broken in a taxi accident at what is now one of the

Photographs

PRINCESS MARY WITH LADY BOYNE

VISCOUNT LASCELLES WITH THE HON. MRS. EDWARD LASCELLES

THE HON. MRS. ERIC LONG (RIGHT) WITH HER SISTER

LOOKERS-ON AT YORK

Some keen racegoers who enjoyed good sport and fine weather at the York Meeting

Topical

LADY GRANT LAWSON AND HER DAUGHTER

British Illus.

A BANBURY COMPETITOR

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Baillie with her jumper, Teddy, who was a competitor at the Banbury Horse Show. She was formerly Miss Rosemary Laycock and married Captain the Hon. Arthur Baillie last year

most perilous corners in London. Speaking of Royal visitors' books, they must form the most wonderful collection of autographs in the world. What would not an American millionaire give for, say, King Edward's visitors' book at Marlborough House and Buckingham Palace?

Two Houses in One

IF it is correct that the Ladies' Carlton Club has taken the two houses in Grosvenor Place which the late Earl of Iveagh threw into one, its members will have one of the finest club houses for women in London. All the houses at the Hyde Park Corner end of Grosvenor Place are big, with unusually large and lofty rooms. In fact, they are so big that most of them have been turned into clubs or offices, the Duke of Buccleuch, the Hon. Ernest Guinness and his brother, the Hon. Walter Guinness, who likewise has two houses knocked into one, being practically the only private residents left.

Grosvenor Place, I always think, is one of the most interesting instances in our time, of commerce, like Society, gradually moving westward in London. In the eighteenth century Soho was a fashionable

News Illus.

PRINCE GEORGE OF RUSSIA WITH MRS. BALFOUR

'CHASING IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Two photographs of visitors to the Devon and Exeter Steeplechases at Haldon, near Exeter

Alfieri

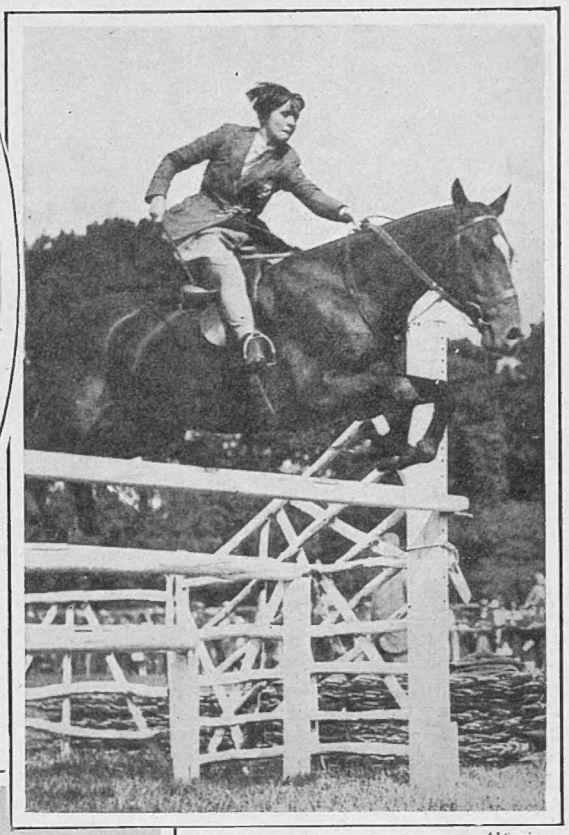
LADY BARNES WITH SIR MORGAN AND LADY CROFTON

OVER THE JUMPS AT ROMSEY

Three competitors in the Jumping Competitions at the Romsey Agricultural Show, held at Broadlands Park, the Hon. Wilfrid Ashley's Hampshire seat

Sport and General

MISS M. A. BULLOWS ON TOBY



Alfieri

MISS VERA THACKERAY

Alfieri

MRS. MURRAY ON SYLVIA

residential quarter, and far into the nineteenth century Piccadilly was a line of great houses inhabited by such noblemen as the Duke of Queensberry—"Old Q"—and Lord Palmerston. What happened in Piccadilly before our time has happened to-day in Grosvenor Place, with the exception that, so far, no shops are to be found amongst the clubs and offices of commercial concerns facing the wall enclosing the garden of Buckingham Palace.

The Ladies' Carlton Club will have some immense rooms in their new premises, as the late Lord Iveagh threw some of the adjoining rooms in the two houses into one, even bigger rooms than they have in their present abode in Chesterfield Gardens, overlooking the back of Chesterfield House, which was formerly Lord Islington's town house.

An Amazing Happening

IF a notice had appeared in the newspapers that a portion of our National Gallery collection was to be sold by public auction one would not have been more surprised than one was by the announcement that the pictures in the Six Museum at Amsterdam are to be sold in October.

Of its kind the Six Collection of pictures was unique in the whole world. For two centuries the house of Burgomaster Six has remained exactly as he left it at his death, with the Rembrandts, the Hobbemas, the Van Ostades, Paul Potters, Jan Steens, and works of other Dutch painters in the golden era of Dutch painting in which he lived, hanging on its walls. Burgomaster Six was an enlightened patron of the arts. His collection of pictures was the very cream of the genius which descended on the Dutch painters in the seventeenth century.

For two centuries the Six family have lived in the house, but they changed nothing. And for two centuries the house has been open to all the world, just like a public gallery. So much so that all the guide books to Holland described it fully. I wonder how many of the thousands of people who have gone through that beautiful house, with its treasures hanging on the walls of every room, have realised that the Six family have sacrificed their privacy during many hours of the day, generation after generation, just for

A COMING-OF-AGE *Central News*

A photograph taken at Castle Brodick, Isle of Arran, at the coming-of-age celebrations of the Marquess of Graham. The group comprises the Duke of Montrose (left), the Marquess of Graham, the Archbishop of York, the Duchess of Montrose, Sir R. King Stewart, and Mr. A. Blane

the public interest. Now the Six family has come to an end with Professor Jan Six, who died last year. So the two hundred years' family tradition that Burgomaster Six's collection of pictures must be open to the public comes to an end.

The pictures will fetch prodigious prices, since there can be no question of their authenticity. But, frankly, it does make one a little sad to feel that the Six treasures, which have hung for two hundred years in the places where they were placed by Burgomaster Six after he had bought them, should be dispersed.

Perhaps some day if you or I go to America we may find that magnificent etching by Rembrandt of Burgomaster Six—the gem of the Six collection—in a millionaire pork-packer's house in Chicago.

Modern Daughters and Work

A FRIEND of your Bystander, who is a grandmother and is now staying with her daughter, her son-in-law and their family in Scotland, asks me this question: "Do you think all the young women of the *monde* who are rushing into business in these days, selling hats, dresses, old furniture and Victorian door-handles, or trying to be mannequins or film actresses, are doing it from a genuine love of work and the wish to be independent, or because they are being forced to?"

She asks me the question because of an ultimatum presented by her daughter and son-in-law to their eldest daughter, aged twenty-two. "It was an uncomfortable scene," she writes, "but I must admit it interested me profoundly—quite the most modern phase in the relation of parents and daughters.

"We have seen very little of my eldest grand-daughter since we came here," she goes on. "She has her own two-seater, and spends her time rushing about the country to other houses, sometimes being away for two or three days together. When she does re-appear she is generally accompanied by two or three young men and a stray girl or two, for whom lunch or dinner, sometimes beds, must be provided. And all this, if you please, without a word to her mother!

"I make it a rule never to criticise the doings of my children's families, but a little while ago, when my daughter was complaining to me of Miranda's 'casualness,' and the trouble it entailed in housekeeping in this remote part of Scotland, I could not help saying, 'Miranda must be the President of the Society of Selfish People who Take Things for Granted.' I have never known anybody go through life with such an utter disregard for other people's plans and convenience

Topical

AFTER THE WEDDING

Mr. B. Gore Lloyd and Miss Eileen Bird face the photographer after their wedding. Their marriage took place last week at St. Raphael's, Kingston-on-Thames

LEAVING THE CHURCH *Keystone*

Captain Edward Pye Rich, Q.V.O. Corps of Guides, and his bride, Miss Gwynneth Brydon Jones, after their wedding at All Saints' Church, Ennismore Gardens. They are seen with the bridesmaids and best man

Hay Wrightson

MISS ESTEREL PELLY

The elder daughter of Admiral Sir Henry and Lady Pelly, whose engagement has been announced. Her fiancé Capt. Philip Reginald Antrobus M.C., is the younger son of Sir Reginald and Dame Edith Antrobus

as Miranda. My daughter and son-in-law find it too expensive, and Miranda has been in tears for two days."

Papa Speaks

MY friend then goes on to describe the scene when the father and mother, taking the opportunity of one of the rare occasions when the daughter was alone with them, presented their ultimatum. The mother opened the attack. She told the girl that everything had been done to give her a good start—presentation at Court, a big coming-out ball in London, a dance in each succeeding season. In short, no effort had been spared to give her a good time. She had been out four years; she hadn't married—indeed, there seemed no prospect of her ever marrying, as she was always running about with penniless Toms, Dicks, Harrys and Johns.

"This was quite the old-fashioned point of view," remarks my friend. "I thought it rather foolish to make marriage a sort of *sine quâ non* to so modern a girl as Miranda. Of course, she had her answer: she had a right to her own life and wasn't going to marry any man who might come along, just because he had money."

Then the father entered the lists. He agreed that the girl had a right to her own life, but he found the way she exercised that right was too costly to be borne any longer. "You use my house as if it were an hotel where you can come and go as you choose and invite whom you please; and you regard me as your banker," he said. He then read out an account of his expenditure for the girl during the past year. "Positively staggering!" comments my friend. Dresses, hats, journeys, car expenses, theatre and cabaret tickets, visits, and many other items.

The girl remarked that she hadn't asked to be born, and it was the parents' duty to provide for their children. The father agreed, but pointed out that even children usually make some return to their parents.

He said: "You do absolutely nothing but amuse yourself in a pointless, silly way from one year's end to the other. You won't even trouble to learn how to run a house, and you never do the least thing to help your mother. Your brother and two sisters' education grows more expensive every year. I can't afford to pay for all your silly amusements any longer. In future you will have nothing besides your allowance, and I shall only give you half of it until you get some work of some sort."

"Miranda appealed to me," says my friend, "asking me if I had ever heard anything so brutal. I told her I agreed entirely with her father, that she and her friends were always talking about the 'right to determine their own existence,' their 'right to equality with men,' but I could not help noticing that they invariably carried out their ideas at somebody else's expense.

"So, I wonder," my friend concludes, "how many other young women besides Miranda have been forced to go out to work by parents whose patience they have exhausted by their expensive use of the modern idea of liberty which they regard as their right?" More than a few, I'll warrant!

Hay Wrightson

A RECENT ENGAGEMENT

Miss Kathleen Muriel Hood, whose engagement to Mr. Thomas Percival Durant Beighton has been announced. She is the youngest daughter of Sir Joseph Hood, of Wimbledon

Bassano

MISS GLADYS SINCLAIR THOM

The only daughter of Mr. W. S. Thom, Burma Police, and Mrs. Thom, of Wilingdon, Sussex. Her marriage to Mr. John Henry Graham Lang, M.C., will take place next Monday, September 10, at Blairingone Parish Church, near Dollar

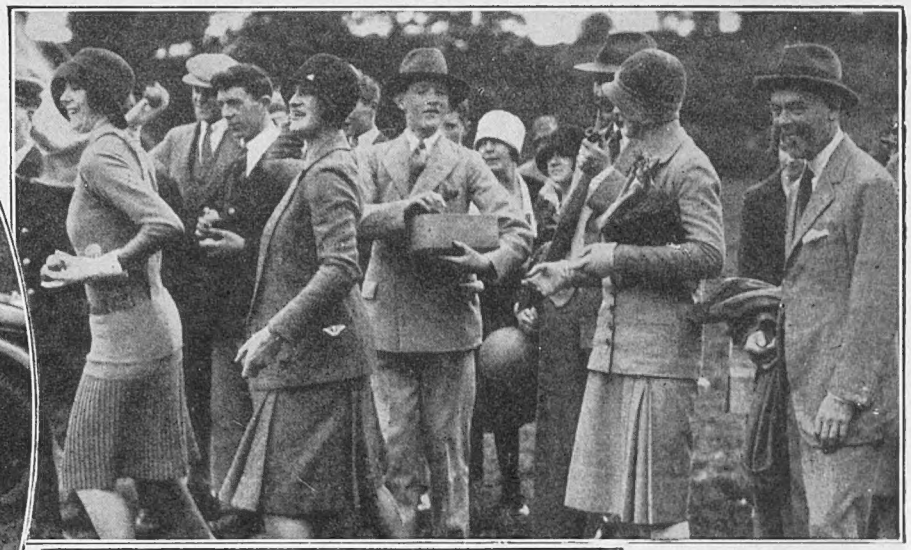
A BRIDE-TO-BE *Topical*

Miss Mary Elizabeth Lawson, who is to marry Capt. L. D. Murphy, M.C. Her fiancé is A.D.C. to Lord Willingdon, the Governor-General of Canada, and the wedding will take place at Government House, Ottawa

The Lighter Side of Life in

AT THE GAMES

Mr. F. K. Balfour (right) and Sir Michael Nairn at the Strathardle Highland Games. Sir Michael was the Chieftan of the Games



SOME "SHY" LADIES

Miss Heather Cayzer, Miss N. Anderson, Mr. B. Cayzer, Miss Vercker and Sir August Cayzer make the acquaintance of Aunt Sally. They are seen at the Aberfoyle and Gartmore Unionist Fête

IN GLASGOW

Sir John Reid (right), the Countess of Stair, Mr. C. Somerville and Lady Mason at the Glasgow Flower Show. It was opened by the the Countess of Stair

Photographs

AFTER THE CEREMONY

Lady Ramsay of Banff photographed after opening the Perthshire Royal Horticultural Show in City Halls. On her left are Miss Mary Robertson, Sir James Douglas Ramsay, the brother of the Duchess of Atholl and the Duke of Atholl

Topical and Sport and General

IN ARGYLLSHIRE

On the left are Major Henderson, the Second-in-Command, and Colonel D. Lyle Grant, the C.O. of the London Scottish, with Colonel Ian Campbell, of the 8th Argylls, and Capt. Bennett, of the London Scottish. They are seen at Cowal Highland Gathering at Dunoon

Scotland as Portrayed by the Camera

MR. W. J. L. BRYDEN (LEFT), SIR OSBORN HOLMDEN, MR. G. A. HOLMDEN, MR. H. HICKS, SIR JEREMIAH COLMAN AND LORD MARSHALL

AFTER THE GROUSE

Three photographs taken during the shoot given by Lord Marshall. He entertained a party at Farr House, near Inverness

SIR OSBORN AND LADY HOLMDEN

A SHOOTING OCCASION

Mr. and Mrs. James Roberts and Mr. Leo Roberts setting out for a day's sport. The photograph was taken on Sir James Roberts's estate at Strathallan Castle, Machany, in Perthshire

Photographs *Sport and General*

MISS M. HOLMDEN WITH HER UNCLE, LORD MARSHALL, IN THE BUTTS

By "The Tout"

CAPTURED AT HURST PARK

Some of the participators at Hurst Park's new venture of later racing. Lord Ronaldshay, who is the eldest son of the Marquess of Zetland, takes an active part in Turf affairs and is one of the Stewards of this meeting. Major J. Morris trains at Aston-Tirrold for Mr. C. E. Howard and others, and Mr. Howard Lacey, a familiar racing figure, is well known in cricket circles and owns horses trained by Jack Reardon

Racing Notions

By "CARBINE"

On the Knavesmire

We have heard a good deal lately about the supposed decline of interest in racing, but had you been on the Knavesmire on the day of the Ebor you would have been inclined to believe that the great game has not lost one iota of its popularity. The crowd was prodigious, and on the other days of the meeting the attendance was equally satisfactory. The truth is that racing makes as strong an appeal both to the classes and the masses as ever it did. Some of the racecourses are complaining of bad times, but I think that in all these cases recent attendances will be found to have been fully up to the pre-War level, and possibly rather above it. The experiment of starting racing later in the day is being tried at various courses, and the Kempton Park and Hurst Park people express themselves as satisfied with the results of the innovation. I am wondering which racecourse will be the first to try to attract bigger crowds by a drastic reduction of admission charges.

Cheaper Racing

Every time I make this suggestion I am told by racecourse directorates that it is utterly impossible to lower the present scale of costs to the public. I am not convinced by their arguments. If big crowds are wanted for ordinary racing, the only way to secure them is to make it a cheaper amusement for the average man and woman. I am sure that in the long run racecourse revenues would benefit by a bold policy in this direction. At most of the North Country fixtures the charge for Tattersall's enclosure and the paddock is only one pound, compared with the £1 2*s.* 6*d.* which we have to pay nearly everywhere in the South. When we consider the wonderfully good racing we saw at York on each of its three days for a pound, it passes understanding that we should have to pay half a crown more for distinctly inferior entertainment at many of the South Country gatherings. What can be profitably done in the North surely cannot be out of the question in the South.

The Ebor

Capt. Cecil Boyd-Rochfort has realised his ambition of winning one more good race with Cinq à Sept before her retirement to the paddocks. The Ebor was the last race for this fine mare, and it was a brilliant *finale* to her career in training. She was running here over just her right distance, and the burst of speed she was able to produce two or three furlongs from home proved altogether too much for Kinchinjunga, who would have preferred a longer journey. Obviously the Cesarewitch is the course for this big colt, and if he gets in with a reasonable weight he is likely to be one of the favourites for that race. I mark him down with Brown Jack and Cap-à-Pie as likely to prove the pick of the Cesarewitch horses, but I do not see any reason to be in a hurry to bet on the big Newmarket handicaps. The running at Doncaster next week is sure to have a bearing on them.

Popular Jockeys

There was not a tame race on the Knavesmire with the possible exception of the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes, and here the executive could not be blamed, because there was no three-year-old sprinter capable of putting up a good fight against Tag End. Rather than lay the odds which were asked for about the winner, most people preferred to look on at this race without making a bet; and it was the same in the Convivial Plate, which Tiffin won. This event, however, was of special interest, in that it enabled Gordon Richards to complete his hundredth winning ride for the season. The little man came in for considerable applause after the race.

St. Leger Latest

Excepting for the recent success of Buland at Hurst Park and the running of Flamingo at York, the St. Leger situation has not materially changed during the past few days. Felstead is still regarded as a doubtful case, and as he does not seem to have done any really strong work lately nobody will be surprised if it is decided not to run him at Doncaster. Fairway's preparation is going on smoothly, and nothing appears to be wrong with Cyclonic. The latter colt or Flamingo will be my choice when I write my last words on the classic race next week. Buland has come back to form just in time to add fresh interest to the St. Leger, and I can foresee that the Whatcombe colt will be one of the most popular "each way" investments in the race.

This Week's Events

During the present week we shall have plenty of interesting racing at Derby and Manchester. The big event in the Midlands on Thursday is the Peveril of the Peak Plate, in which **Porthole** strikes me as possessing an excellent winning chance. Prince Meteor having failed to accept for the Palatine Nursery at Manchester on Friday, I shall look for the success of **Norada.** **Royal Pom** may win the Prince Edward Handicap on Saturday.

A Royal Inspection

Topical

The Prince of Wales inspecting the Guard of Honour at Ballater during his recent visit to Scotland. To-morrow, Thursday, he sails for Africa with Prince Henry, and the nation will unite in wishing our Royal tourists *bon voyage* on their journey

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

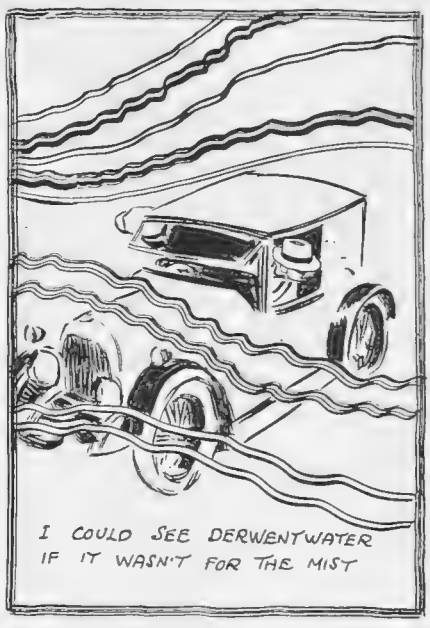
Sketches by Howard K. Elcock

"'Twas in September"

We have had at least two competent and workmanlike little summers this year, and in September we may hopefully look forward to a third. I have no hesitation in stating (as the politicians say at garden parties) that, should circumstances remain unchanged, events not without a certain significance are not unlikely to occur. In other words, I venture to prognosticate, and will even wager to the extent of twopence, that September will be a good, honest month and not let us down.

The Enchanted Pear Tree

So, if you are not engaged in the exhilarating task of giving the partridges a right and a left, I invite you to visit my small orchard. As a special privilege I will allow you to look at my old pear tree. You would not think, at first sight, that it was enchanted; except for its size, there is nothing remarkable about its appearance. It is very old and very gnarled, and its fruit is, frankly, poor stuff. Yet, for all that, it is an enchanted tree.



"I'll Bet I Could . . ."

Whenever a man—I don't care who he is—surveys that tree, a curious expression comes over his features. "By Jove!" he exclaims excitedly, "haven't climbed a tree for donkey's years. I'll bet I could manage this one." "Why?" you ask, in pained surprise. "Why not?" he retorts from among the lower branches. Again you ask why, but he disdains to answer. Some time later a voice replies, far up the height, "Hoi!"—or words to that effect. Why does he do it? Why should he risk his limbs and plus-fours in so pointless an adventure.

Boys Will be Boys

The climber may be a distinguished statesman, an elderly clergyman, or a stout, bald uncle whose faculties are so far atrophied that he is, normally, interested in nothing but golf. He is always the last man in the world you would suspect of tree-climbing propensities, even in secret. Why, then? I am no Darwinian. I am, like Disraeli, on the side of the angels. Any theory that is atavistically anthropoid I reject with scorn. A Puck-like elf inhabits that old tree, playing upon the spirits of the unwary. And every plump, sedate, middle-aged Englishman is an orchard-robbing schoolboy at heart. That, at least, is how I see it.

Old Boots

But, of course, you may not be interested in old trees. (The hazel pears are sour, anyway.) You are busily engaged in looking out shorts and jerseys and sending your football boots down to places where they cobble for new studs. You ought to have a brand new pair, but you secretly hope that the old ones will do for another season, or part of a season at least. After all, old boots are tried friends, and new ones—harsh, shiny, unfriendly fellows—take a devil of a lot of breaking in. This, incidentally, shows the fundamental intellectual superiority of the male sex. A woman loves to wear things only when they are new, but a man, in his wisdom, loves things that are old.

Le Roi est Mort

Soon the pleasant clack of the bat will be heard no more for a season. The equally cheering thud of the punted ball will replace it. Young enthusiasts are already converting imaginary tries in the meadow, and your uncle—the same uncle—is telling you that Rugger isn't what it once was. He waxes lyrical over that marvellous swerving run of Poulton-Palmer's, and recounts with emotion how Birkett would go crashing through. "Like a bull at a gate, my boy!" King Cricket sleeps for a space; King Rugger is alive and drop-kicking. But the game goes on, and the game continues to be played as it should be played.

Close to Nature

I AM writing this far from my southern village, and farther still from that pestilential thing, the editorial telephone. I have obeyed what is, I believe, technically described as the call to come closer to Nature. A trusty friend, a car, and a tent have aided and abetted in the escapade. We are close to Nature, heaven knows. We are in unpleasantly close proximity to the best-known natural phenomenon of these parts—rain. Rub up your geography and take three guesses. In which part of England does it rain all day every day?

Lakes *and* Lakes

YOU are quite right—the Lake District. There is a small lake round each of my gum-boots as I write. The view through the tent flap would be glorious were it visible. I could see Derwentwater if it were not for the mist. But for dark, driving clouds I could see that stout and upstanding mountain where

" the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle."

At the moment I can see nothing but straight, driving sheets of rain.

Poetical Fraud

THE close-to-Nature theory is a pious fraud. When a man is too close to Nature he thinks of his own discomforts—damp, mosquito bites, the lack of tin-opener, and the presence of incipient rheumatism. There is no room for the poetry of Nature. Let him return to Fleet Street, however, and he will remember the foxgloves and the harebells, the heather and the bracken, and the glint of wayward sunlight striking through the cloud-wrack upon still water.

An Inspired Conspiracy

UNTIL I had worked out this theory I had never suspected William Wordsworth and his fellows of commercial intelligence. Now I know. Do you imagine that they sat down at Grasmere in gumboots and mackintoshes and wrote poetry? Not they. They took the fastest coach to London, and ensconced by a warm fire at the Cock or the Cheshire Cheese, they called for even warmer and more cheering liquor. Under such mellowing and beneficent influences they were able to deliver the goods.

Another Illusion

WITH our minds full of romantic visions of star-crossed lovers and clattering post-chaises, my friend and I sought out the famous blacksmith's shop at Gretna Green. Alas for human hopes! That smithy is a brick-and-mortar Mrs. Harris. It never existed. All we found was a small whitewashed cottage in which runaway marriages took place. The ceremonies were performed by a dynasty of " priests," practical business men, who stung their clients to the limit of their paying capacity. Once more we raise our hats (or bonnets) to the sterling qualities of a race that can place even romantic love upon a sound business footing.

By David Wilson

IN THE " SWANSEA SWAMP "—THE " BOLD, BAD BARONS "—AND " THE BONNIE BABY "!

Who Invented Scotland?

By Blanchette

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE

"Somewhat terrible Tallulah fans"

SOMEWHERE IN SCOTLAND, *Sept.* 3.

DEAR COUSIN,

I WONDER who first invented Scotland? Because, really, you know, can't help thinking it was *rather* clever of them. Anyway, for holiday purposes, and, after all, that's the most important thing in the world, in a way, isn't it? I mean, rather like the old saying about *in vino veritas* that the so-called scholars and people are rather fond of quoting when they feel they simply *must* prove to you how fearfully well they know their classics and things. And signifying or implying, of course, that after the tenth cocktail or so the real man or woman more or less inevitably peeps out and shows glimpses of itself, however carefully concealed. Likewise and similarly, whereunto meseems it's on holiday that places, like people, somehow show you their best and their worst, so to speak, and the ones that pass the holiday test are stamped right away without further doubt or question as pieces of rather good work, what?

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FROM all whereof just poss. you may already have guessed that your Blanchette, in company with so many of the rest of the best, hath fled far northward for a space and eke and also hath joy of her coming. And, yea, verily, you've said it, baby, and I don't mind telling the world. Rather thrillingly adventurous affair, you know, this said Scottish expedition, even from the very first moment of embarking or setting forth from King's Cross. And all in the proper picnic spirit, just like crossing the raging ocean to the so-called Continent in a boat, only there don't happen (luckily) to be any waves on the L.N.E.R., not so that you'd notice, which is a considerable consolation to some of us, *n'est-ce pas?* and you can quite safely leave the Mothersill behind. But intriguing sort of voyage feeling, all the same, what with dinner on board (that there's no danger of wasting your hard-earned gold on, owing to matters not unconnected with aforesaid billows). Also sleeping-car men in their nice brown uniforms that are every bit as sweet and fatherly and attentive as stewards—only not dealing in quite the same kind of attentions (*grace à Dieu*), however stormily the winds do blow, do blow, and all that manner of thing.

卐

FIRST excitement from the very start and even ere you push off, importantly puffing (the train, I mean), being to find your own dinky little cabin, complete with all sorts of sweet little gadgets and things that are a perfect joy to play with. You know, switches to turn the lights on and off, and another for the heating, and another for the electric fan—and then there's a fascinating little shelf in front of the big mirror that lets down for your dressing (and morning tea) table, etcet., and so on. And when you've quite finished playing and visiting your neighbours, which is yet another of the sleeper games (even if you didn't happen to've met 'em before), there's ever such a comfy bed to get properly tucked into for the night, with the mild and rhythmic roar of the railway to lull you to sleep—it does, anyway, as soon as you've got used to same, and that doesn't take too terribly long.

"At Cruden Bay"

卐

AND then, next morning. Came the Dawn—as they put it in the film captions (that I b'lieve nobody's been electrocuted for yet, but then they *are* so kind to their criminals in America, aren't they?). And when

(*Continued on page* 480)

J. C. H. Balmain

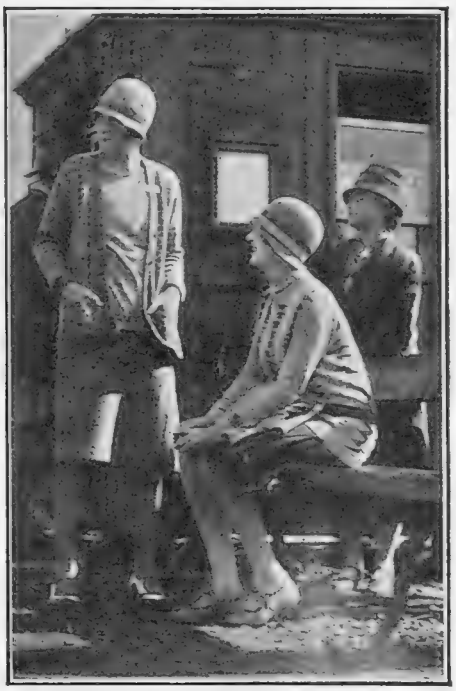
A GROUP INCLUDING, ON THE SEAT, MISS KATHLEEN BALDWIN (left), MISS DEIRDRE GRANTHAM, MISS MARJORY BALDWIN, MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE, LADY MILDRED FITZ-GERALD AND MRS. SILTZER

A LADIES' PAGE FROM NORTH BERWICK

The "weaker sex" has long since belied its name, and nowhere more strikingly than on the famous Scottish course where these photographs were taken

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS HELEN BARR



Topical

THE HON. GWENDOLEN MEYSEY-THOMPSON (left) WITH MISS ROSEMARY HOPE-VERE

J. C. H. Balmain

MISS LULU ESMOND WITH P. HIRIGOYEN, THE CHANTILLY PROFESSIONAL

Topical

MISS IRENE COATS (left), MISS EVELYN COATS, MISS LILIAS BAIRD, MISS ELEANOR DE ZOETE AND MISS BETTY LAMPSON

. . . Morning in the Bowl of Night
Hath flung the Stone that puts the Stars to flight . . .

as Omar P. Khayyám once put it—lo, a pull at the curtain over the wide-open window and, yes, there's bonny Scotland rushing by. Dear Scotland, Scotland that I love and always wonder each and every single time how ever I could have stayed away from it so long. So grey and dour sometimes, and sometimes well-nigh forbiddingly mountainous and grand, yet always at heart so friendly and honest, so intensely and quietly deep in its affections and traditions, so gravely courteous to the strangers that come to visit its shores—and some of 'em pretty bad gold-plated efforts, too.

"Dear Scotland . . ."

RATHER a shock, must admit, to be cast out at Aberdeen somewhere seven o'clockish a.m. to wait for your connection on to the real wilds. Though intriguing, too, in a way, come to think of it, actually to be, even for an hour or so, in that historic spot where all the jokes come from. Like the one, you remember, about the Aberdeen man who only took a single to the Continent for the Voronoff treatment because he'd planned to take a child's ticket back.

SO, *enfin*, having joggled, and halted, and dozed through Kittybrewster and Udny and Pitlurg and Ellon and places (don't they give their stations simply delightful names?), *nous voici arrivés* at final destination. Where, in honour of occasion, sun brightly shines, though, according to all accounts, Scotland hadn't really had a summer, not what you'd call a summer, up to then—think of it, in this year of years; but, then, they generally begin where we leave off, don't you know. And after a real Scottish breakfast, lo and behold, unwearied travellers (oh, I'm *so* glad you can get there by land) are to be observed beating off the first tee at celebrated Cruden Bay golf links and doing their couple of rounds ere tea-time, what's more. And, oh, *what* a tea!

MEANTIME in London now hear the theatres are going strong once more, and, in truth, just before leaving, had a glance at one or two of the shows of the moment that seem to be rather taking the Town, as they say. *E.g.* and *par exemple*, Tallulah's new and latest undressing play, *Her Cardboard Lover*, at the Lyric, wherein, methought, she acted better than ever, 'cause you know she really is quite a bit of an actress, spite of all the undies, and S.A. business *and* those somewhat terrible Tallulah fans. All clustering up in the gallery, they were, on her first night, and standing on tiptoe and making all sorts of strange noises when she appeared. And afterwards such swarms rushing round to the *foyer* and stage door to mob her and, I suppose, any other celebs. they could scream at and collect autographs from . . . Odd people, are not they, and can you wonder some of the more or less neglected merely English actresses are just a shade cross about it all, what?

NOT that America hasn't got the right to butt in if she wants to, and can—am sure *our* actors and actresses are doing the *vice versa* touch, from what one hears, pretty thoroughly over there. And don't see why one shouldn't admire a dashing film hero, as, for instance, Doug. Fairbanks, and still feel reasonably what? Such a really gloriously swashbuckling hero he is in his very last film, *The Gaucho*, you know. Wherein he does all the good old jumping and climbing tricks, as a Mexican bandit this time, and puts in some really wonderful acting, too, if you only take the trouble to notice it. Rather a bit of a pity we don't seem to have produced anything quite like that in the film line, but there's still lots of hope yet, what?

"A dashing film hero"

THE sea calls, and pre-lunch bathe just due—hoots, mon, the watter's juist icy cauld here on the bonny Aber-r-deenshire coast. but, aye, and it's gey braw and het on the war-rm, wee sandy dunes when ye come oot for a bit bask and a cigarette and all that sort of thing. And down South they say in the papers the football season's started—well, takes all kinds of tastes to make a world, what?

With love,
Yours ever,
BLANCHETTE.

Sport in the North and South

Photographs *Sport and General*

H. C. LONES AND MRS. LONES MAJOR A. T. GARDENER

The first race meeting of the new Cyclecar Club, at Brooklands, was a conspicuous success. H. C. Lones, who won the Cyclecar Grand Prix on a Morgan-Jap, and Major Gardener, who won the Novices Handicap on a Salmson, put up two of the best performances of the afternoon

ANOTHER U.S.A. SUCCESS *Photo Illus.*

Stewart Scheftel, the American boy who won the Boys' Golf Championship at Formby, receiving the Cup. In the final he was matched against A. Dobbie, of Inverness, and won by 6 and 5 over the 36 holes

Photographs WINNERS OF THE ALBANY CUP

D. J. Collis (left) and A. Shere, of the Thames Valley S.C., who won the Albany Cup for the Double Sculls Championship of the Thames at the Teddington Reach Regatta. All the championship events at this regatta were keenly contested

CONGRATULATING THE WINNER *L.N.A.*

E. O. H. Thompson (right), of Staines, being congratulated by F. Gentry, of the Ibis R.C., who was runner-up, on winning the Single Sculls Championship at Teddington

THE RETURN OF SOCCER *Central News*

Chelsea get their third goal past the Swansea Town goalkeeper in the match at Stamford Bridge, which ended in a win for Chelsea by 4-0. Until midway through the second half Chelsea did not have matters all their own way, but the soundness of their defence kept the balance in their favour Interest was caused by the numbering of the Chelsea players for identification purposes

LONDON NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS

"A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS" AT THE NEW THEATRE

Produced August 13, 1928

By "JINGLE" *Illustrations by MACMICHAEL*

I THINK the authors of this play have been a little handicapped by their great reputations as our leading English humorists. So much is expected of transcendency. We all know the story of the hostess who, having a famous jester among the guests at her table, murmured expectantly, somewhere between the soup and the savoury, "Oh, Mr. X, will you please begin to be funny?" The fun in this play is of the kind we associate with musical comedy, where a little extravagant nonsense is turned on at intervals to give the girls a chance to leave off brooding over the fascinating allurements of the throaty hero.

HUMOUR is, necessarily, Protean in quality. One man will laugh consumedly to see a fellow-creature slip on a banana-skin and sit abruptly on the pavement. Others cannot control their overwhelming mirth at the sight of the clown who jabs the pantaloon with an apparently red-hot poker, and that, at least, is one manifestation of humour that, like old soldiers, will never die. Here the humour supplied is clearly that of the sort calculated to do the greatest good to the greatest number; and it is to be placed on record that the laughter in the more popular sections of the theatre is joyously sustained.

THE story opens at the stage-door of the Regality Theatre. Mr. George Bevan, the great musical composer, having been left in charge for a moment while the doorkeeper runs across the road to "have one," is suddenly approached by a nice girl who runs up to him and begs him to hide her somewhere. All that she can say is that she is running away from Percy, and Mr. Bevan suggests that she should crouch down on the floor under the window, where she will not be seen. As nice young ladies in fashionable frocks do not usually crouch down inside stage-doors, what is called the juxtaposition of incongruities here provokes the first big laugh of the piece. Then the pursuer arrives on the scene. His full name proves to be Percy Viscount Totleigh, and the

nice girl is his cousin, Lady Maud Marsh. And at the sight of her, Love comes into George Bevan's life.

MAUD is playing a stolen visit to London in the hope of meeting at a popular teashop a spring poet with whom she has fallen desperately in love. That, however, is her affair. To Mr. Bevan she is merely the "damsel in distress," and he is coming to her rescue like the gallant (some say, over-gallant) knights in the brave days of old. He pushes Percy away from the stage-door, and there is a mild scuffle, which is promptly interrupted by a policeman, thus disposing of the sinful libel that the police never turn up till the fight is over. Percy is imprudent enough to transfer his attack to the newcomer, who promptly runs him in. Everybody knows you mustn't hit a policeman, which I suppose is the reason why everybody longs to do it just for once.

THEN we come to the Inner Hall of Totleigh Castle, which is Percy's ancestral home; and for the rest of the evening we are, as it were, entertained by the nobility and gentry, who, it is good to learn, are as human as the rest of us. There is, to begin with, the Earl of Marshmoreton, who is an enthusiastic rose-grower, and who comments on the ravages of the aphides

MANNERS! *Stage Photo Co.*

Reggie Higgins (Henry Kendall) gives a display of exuberance in the Ye Dolly Varden Tea Shoppe which calls forth the silent disapproval of the overpoweringly lady-like waitress, Miss Mould (Joan Hickson). The other members of the tea-party, Lady Maud Marsh (Jane Baxter), Alice Faraday (Celia Glynn), and George Bevan (Basil Foster) seem more amused than otherwise

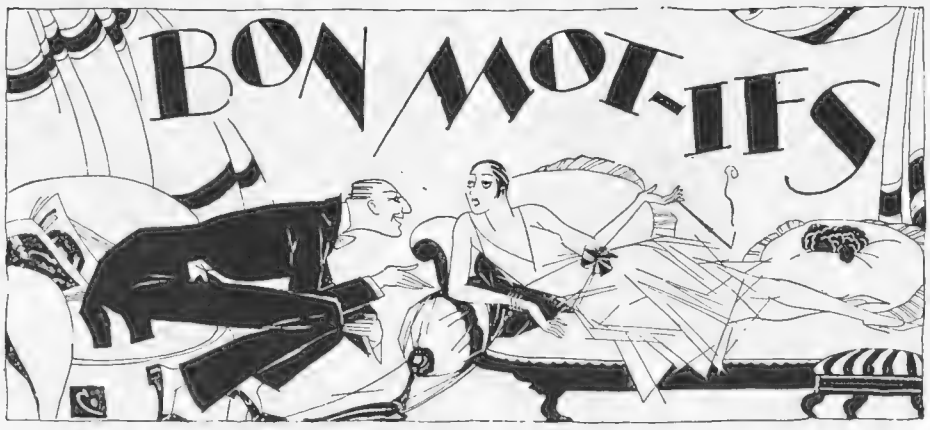
with quite proletarian outspokenness. For his horticultural labours his lordship is wearing his old clothes, and a long green-baize apron, so that to anybody who does not know him he might well be the head gardener of the castle. This paves the way for the usual jest in such cases. Mr. Bevan, having pursued Lady Maud to the castle, hands the old fellow in the green-baize apron a letter for her ladyship, and at the same time slips a pound note into his hand for services rendered. The joke here is that the old man so generously tipped is not only a peer of the realm, but is also Lady Maud's father, so that the embarrassing complication naturally provokes a scream of delight from the popular sections of the house.

It appears that Lady Maud is very much sought after in the matrimonial market. This is not to be wondered at, since she has beauty, wealth and a title, all the usual attributes, in fact, of the heroine of a ladies' novelette. There is much speculation in the servants' hall as to which of her suitors will be the happy man; and Mr. Keggs, the butler, has therefore organised a sweepstake, taking care with professional thoroughness to draw the favourite himself. This gives Miss Clarice Hardwicke a good opportunity to keep the ball of fun rolling, and she avails herself of it magnificently. She is Albertina, the tweeny-maid, and having, as it were, drawn a horse, she is naturally anxious that her "client" should win.

The leading humorist of the production is Mr. Clive Currie, as the Earl of Marshmoreton, who gets a laugh with almost every line. His joy on hearing that his nephew, Percy, has made history in London by butting a policeman in the stomach is so emphatic that he offers to pay out of his own pocket the fine incurred. At the end of the Second Act his lordship protests that he is going back home because his room has been turned into a repository for the ladies' cloaks and wraps, so that he feels that he will be in the way while they are there adjusting their subterranean buckles and tapes. This homely touch naturally brings the curtain down with a joyous yell of appreciation.

With the last Act Lady Maud is back in London again in order to carry out the proposed meeting at the popular teashop with her lean and hungry poet. In the interval since they last met, however, the poet has adopted a more generous diet, and now can discuss life only in terms of rich food. Mr. Thomas Weguelin not only supplies the robust humour of this Act but also the necessary bulk. The acting is for the most part all that could be desired, though one or two of the players, in a laudable effort to be super-comic, make a little more noise than is absolutely necessary to convert the already converted. Mr. Basil Foster takes the part of George Bevan, the lover, with natural ease, and is certainly entitled to be credited with a success of restraint which is very welcome as a contrast to the rather violent humour of the play as a whole.

JINGLE.



By HARTLEY CARRICK

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know the explanation of love at first sight. We can only suggest that it must be a case of astigmatism.

. . . . . .

A BROCHURE entitled "Wine" has just been issued. What a best cellar!

. . . . . .

"DEAR, if you'd only grow your hair longer I'd marry you."

"Thanks; I prefer to remain shingle."

. . . . . .

"COME and have one?"

"But we've already had three."

"Never mind; they close at two, and my motto is 'Safety Thirst.'"

. . . . .

MR. HERMAN FINCK, the well-known conductor, is responsible for saying that modulation is the thief of time.

. . . . .

A PARISIAN ruffian has been convicted of an assault on his sweetheart. He vainly pleaded that he had Apache for her.

. . . . .

AN Ealing flapper boasts that she can consume fifteen chocolate *éclairs*. Her taste for vanishing cream must be excessive.

. . . . .

"WHERE would you like to spend the honeymoon, darling?"

"Angel-face," she remarked coyly, "what about Lapland?"

. . . . .

A POET says that the sight of a meringue brings tears to his eyes. He ought to see us when we're peeling onions.

WE are informed that when Mr. Gene Tunney landed on our shores he rapturously remarked, "So this is England!" Did he expect to find Australia?

. . . . . .

"WHY did you christen your baby 'Marigold'?"

"Well, you never know; maybe she will."

. . . . . .

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, "Gladys, be home at ten!"

. . . . . .

ANSWER to correspondent: We are unable to trace your quotation about Satin rebuking skin.

A DIMINUTIVE player on the bagpipes was performing outside a public-house.

"And to think," remarked an ex-Service man, "that we once went to war for a little scrap of piper."

. . . . . .

"COME and split a soda?"

"No, thanks."

"Well, I've got a story that will make you split your sides."

"No, thanks."

"Then come and split an infinitive!"

. . . . . .

TELEVISION is now an accomplished phenomenon. Many husbands, however, have realised that their wives have long been able to see through them.

. . . . . .

AN eccentric dancer has recently made a sudden success in a London cabaret. He would seem to have got on by leaps and bounds.

. . . . . .

"CAN'T you spell c-a-t yet?"

"I'm sorry, mummy, I forgot it during that hot spell."

. . . . . .

THIS is for our classical readers, being a new variant of "*Cave canem*"—"Look out, I may sing!"

. . . . .

AT a stipendiary magistrate's court a woman last week applied for a separation order, alleging that her husband was too hot-headed. It looks as though there was a certain incompatibility of temperature.

. . . . .

A STATISTICIAN informs us that more girls are born than boys. We do not intend to challenge a sexpert on the question.

. . . . .

WHO wrote "To a man a woman may appear charmingly dressed, but to another woman it is only 'one and threepence a yard,' and so she *can't* be"?

. . . . .

FOR a wager a Mr. Poyntz last week drank four pints of beer in two minutes. It is evident that his backers must have won on Poyntz.

'EAR 'EAR!

By WILL OWEN

"Do you always play by ear?"

"Yuss, miss. 'Ere or 'ereabouts!"

BY THORPE

"MORE OF THIS LATER"

In British Films

E. O. Hoppé

MISS EVE BALFOUR

The British actress, who was educated in a New Zealand convent, is now in England, where she is to appear in British films after a long screen career in America

DAILY DIALOGUES

By DELL LEIGH *Illustrations by ARTHUR WATTS*

No. V—OUR HOSTS

"I SAY, old lady, can't we get out of it? You know, I've come back from the city with an extraordinary-looking rash and a temperature, and you are frantically sorry, but you don't think it would be fair on them: they've got some bestial kids: that'll put an appalling breeze through the house—go on."

"Don't be absurd, Arthur. I don't want to go any more than you do. I loathe the woman. But it's too thin an excuse. He probably saw you driving back from golf. Besides, I've had my hair waved specially. No, we must go through with it. But *remember*, when I ask you for one of your cigarettes it means we're going: and the earlier the better."

"H'm; why I should be dragged into knowing your bridge-playing fiends of women I can't think! However, I suppose we'd better get it over and done with. Is it a white tie. It *isn't!* Good lord, that means a palsied party, and fearsome females who will say 'Have you been to many plays lately?' Great S-c-o-t!"

"Well, we've refused twice: and I did warn you weeks ago."

"But *he's* such a blog too: what on *earth* am I to talk to him about? He makes cardboard boxes by the million—and, I ask you, what can one do with a feller like that?"

"This is *supreme* brandy"

"They say he gives very good dinners and is a great connoisseur of brandy."

"Do they, by Jove? Well, that's *something*, anyway. What time is the infernal bacchanalia? Eight-thirty? I'd better go and change, I suppose: *what* a life: bags I the first bath . . ."

"I've been looking forward to this all day. Honestly: I thought of the extremely pleasant evening that lay before me while I was playing the 10th at St. George's this afternoon, and it cost me seven. Doubtful compliment? Ah, but, my dear chap, you know what I *mean*. Well, how's business? Wish to Heaven I had your job: something awfully fascinating about *manufacturing* something, I think. Tell me, do you have much bother with the Trade Unions? I'm rather interested in that subject . . ."

"And how are your *delightful* children? Really? How frightfully clever of her: of course, I think they are *quite* the most charming kiddies I have ever seen. Arthur never ceased talking about little Daphne when we saw them in the Park that day. If you want to give him a *real* treat you will take him up to see them in bed later on; he'll be awfully quiet; may he? Now that *is* nice of you. Arthur, Mrs. Amadale says if you are very good and quiet you may creep up after dinner. . . ."

"I say, really, old man, this is *supreme* brandy. Found it hidden away in a café in the Antoine district, *did* you? Of course, you bought it *well*—you would. I've never tasted anything better—w-ell, just a spot perhaps: st-e-ady: no, I suppose it won't *hurt* me: much too good. Course, you're very lucky to have a cook like yours. Makes all the difference to one's enjoyment of good wine: yes: quite. Well, I don't smoke cigars as a rule, but these look so uncommonly good. Thanks. No, I've got a clipper. Oh—er—yes: I—er—carrying it about on my key chain

"*Was* it very wonderful brandy?"

because my old mother gave it me, and she has an awkward way, don't you know . . . Tell me, those Russo Asiatic shares you spoke about when I saw you last; are you still a bull of 'em? *Are* you? Well, of course, you know: I'd trust *your* judgment every time . . ."

" What a delightful room this is, so restful, and in such exquisite taste. Ah—there they are. Well, Arthur, aren't they *darling* children? I hope he didn't wake them up, Mr. Amadale? . . . Oh, thanks, if you won't think me horribly rude, I'll smoke one of my husband's for a change. He and I have rather a perverted taste in cigarettes, besides, I'm smoking *all* yours, no, *really*. Arthur, dear, cigarette please . . . And then we really *must* go. Although it has been *too* delightful. I had nc *idea* it was so late. You *will* ask us again, won't you? . . ."

The taxi slews round the corner.

" Well, of all the boring shows I've *ever* been let in for. NEVER again, old girl. And why in the name of fortune was I made to creep about night nurseries to look at a couple of turnips lying under counterpanes—can you tell me that? "

" Open the window, Arthur. I never was in such a stuffy room in all my life, and feel half dead. Heavens, *what* people! I really think I shall have to resign from that bridge club, it's getting too frightful, the people that are forced on one."

" Wish you would, I should save money."

" *Was* it very wonderful brandy? "

" Nauseating stuff, all I could do to get it down, he *thinks* it's very fine, gets let in when he goes to Paris; *you* know, ' This is some of the *real* Napoléon, monsieur, from the Versailles cellars,' and pays up—phsaw—filthy muck."

" You know where the dinner came from, don't you? "

" How d'you mean? Pretty dreadful I thought, but, fortunately, I concentrated on the fish — not *bad* salmon."

" My dear, that was a set dinner from Stork and Rasewells, seven and six a head, they send it in and you warm it up."

" Daresay—anyhow, that's THAT. As I say, never again. I vote we go and have some *real* food somewhere, what do you think? "

" W—ell, yes, but we must be careful, suppose we run into them? "

" I said you had to be up very early to-morrow and we were going straight home."

" We shall be quite safe at the Cynics, surely, they'd never let the feller in there? Anyway, if any of the party comes in—which God forbid—you have had a sudden longing, which you found quite irresistible, to take the floor with your good-looking husband—see? "

" Oh, I like *that*. All right, we'll risk it, anything for a little relaxation after all that. Tell the man, dear."

" Hoi—taxi—changed our mind—go to the Cynics, will you?" D. L.

Photographs

THE MARQUESS OF CARISBROOKE AND BARONESS D'ERLANGER

Sport and General

PRINCE COLANNA WITH MRS. MC GRATH (ROSITA FORBES)

Two snapshots from The Lido, where the cult of the dressing-gown flourishes, and bathing dresses appear in newer and more wonderful manifestations daily. This season has been a brilliant one at the Venetian resort from every point of view

BY REBEL STANTON

THE NYMPHS AND THE ARTIST

"Do you want a model, sir?"

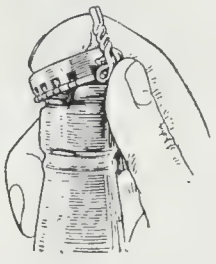
"THE BRIDGE

BY JOHN GORDGE

GE OF SIGHS"

One Good thing from the Bad Old Days

Now fitted with the
NEW CAP
so easy to open



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"'Say, Mister . . . got any newspapers you don't want?'"

A MISUNDERSTOOD MAN

By NIGEL WORTH

Illustration by W. E. WIGHTMAN

Some called him the "Minnesota miser"; others, the meanest man the 'eighties had yet seen. His enemies, however, were not so reserved of speech, saying Esra B. Kernisk was a wealthy old skinflint who delighted in grinding the faces of the poor.

Esra knew what people said, but attributed it to sheer malice. After all, one could not attain his position of most affluent fur trader in the city of St. Paul without exciting envy.

It was true he never sought notoriety by attaching his signature to subscription lists; but had not his wise old Polish father opened his eyes to the fact that almsgiving only diminishes the self-respect of the recipients? It was also correct he liked getting full value for his money; but to aver he sweated his employees was mere uncharitableness. And as for the insinuation that he was a miser, Esra laughed wheezily, hunching his thin shoulders, as he thought of his fine house and his seven servants. A miser! Why, he never stinted himself in anything—or, rather, Miriam never allowed him to stint her. But there—just because he was a careful man who attended strictly to business without courting popularity he must needs be branded a curmudgeon and extortioner.

Then, again, no one ever gave him credit for what was undeniably a well-known fact, namely, that he was the most ardent educationalist in the whole State. Was he not always championing the spread of education amongst the masses? Had he not travelled many hundreds of miles in order to speak at public meetings on the subject? And had he not set a splendid example by giving ten thousand books to a newly founded free library? It was true the books had come into his hands with a lot of other unprofitable bankrupt stock but that was no valid reason for people to sneer.

"Bah, my dear," was his invariable method of summing up the situation to his wife; "these people don't *understand*. Just because I spend my money carefully the fools laugh when I talk about the blessings of education; they think I don't mean it."

Nevertheless, Esra *was* in earnest. It was a curious trait in this notoriously close-fisted man that he should appreciate the need of the poorer classes for a plentiful supply of reading matter. There was no waste of magazines, newspapers, or books in his house. Such books as might not be deemed worthy of a place on his own well-filled shelves were sent to the free library, whilst the magazines and newspapers were doled out by Esra himself to deserving recipients amongst his many tenants and employees. He took a keen delight in making this distribution, and was honestly miserable if his wife vetoed the usual Monday evening round on the score of inclement weather: for she alleged his chest was weak. He would cheerfully walk four miles on a fine evening to deliver a newspaper to an impecunious tenant; but should that tenant have the temerity to hint at financial assistance, the smile on Esra's whiskered face would promptly turn into a stony glare and he would suddenly become extraordinarily deaf.

Although he was a fur trader, Esra rarely left St. Paul. Trappers procured the furs, Esra's wide-flung agents bought them and sent them to the great warehouse, whence Esra retailed them to the "trade." He had, therefore, little acquaintance with the ways and methods of the men who won their livelihood in the big wild wastes of Canada.

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

However, the day came when Miriam was smitten with a desire to revisit her birthplace in far-away Frankfort; and although Esra flatly declined to accompany her on such a profitless journey, he finally agreed to travel with her as far as Montreal, in which fast-growing city he desired to establish a connection with a view to tapping the Labrador trade.

So in the late autumn of 1889 Esra and his wife set off on their travels, and, just as Miriam had insisted in living in a stately house, she insisted on travelling in the greatest possible comfort. Esra groaned and expostulated, but to no effect. Miriam had her way, and they left St. Paul in a private saloon carriage, which, after a two days' stay at Winnipeg, was attached to the rear of the Overland mail, and proceeded to Montreal over the recently completed Canadian Pacific Railway.

In those days travel was not so mechanically perfect as it is now, and on the afternoon of the second day the train came unexpectedly to a standstill in the middle of a virgin waste about forty miles north-east of Lake Superior.

"Hot box," explained the car attendant. "Take twenty minutes to repack."

Esra went out on the observation platform and looked around. On either side of the line was a vast congregation of dark green spruces interspersed with russet beeches, amidst which the tangled undergrowth fought for supremacy with jumbled rocks and fallen tree-trunks. Of human occupation there was no sign. A townsman born and bred, Esra shuddered at the thought of finding himself alone in this wilderness. Suppose the train started with a jerk and caused him to fall off the platform?

Unnerved at the thought he turned to re-enter the saloon, but just at this instant espied a glimpse of red moving through the trees. A few minutes later he was looking down suspiciously at a grey-bearded, freckled, weather-beaten man clad in a red shirt and pair of earth-stained trousers, who, breathing heavily, was staring at him with appraising green eyes. Was Esra going to be "touched" for a meal or—horrid thought—a railway fare? He swelled himself up belligerently.

"Say, mister," piped the newcomer apologetically, "got any newspapers you don't want? 'Cause if so I'd be grateful for 'em."

Straightway Esra's suspicions subsided; this was a man with whom he could sympathise. Going into the saloon he rapidly gathered together half a dozen newspapers and handed them down to the stranger, who tucked them under a hairy, tattooed arm.

"'Twas lucky for me the train chanst to stop here," he observed gratefully. "Me and my mate's working a small lode of copper 'bout quarter of a mile back, and, one way and another, aren't faring so badly. But as the nearest halt is at Bitter Creek, fourteen miles off, it means a plaguy long walk down the line to lay holt of newspapers—and though we can do without molasses and tea, we can't carry along without *them*."

A philanthropic smile spread over Esra's features.

"I shall be returning this way in a week," he volunteered. "Would you like me to save some papers for you and throw them out?"

"Spoken like a gentleman," commented the miner. "Yes, sir, we'd be real grateful. The mail passes here about sunset when she's on time. There's a small lake about quarter of a mile back which'll give you the rough location, and if by any chanst it's too dark for you to see me you'll hear my old gun. I'll be down each night lookin' out for you."

A whistle shrilled and the train drew away. Esra went into the saloon, and, awakening Miriam from a siesta, gleefully told her about this poor lonely man.

"I'll give him a surprise," he exulted. "I'll save up every newspaper I can lay hands on!"

For a whole week the red-shirted miner was rarely absent from Esra's thoughts, and whilst the thrifty fur trader lived in the Rialto it was dangerous to put down a newspaper anywhere in his vicinity. The collection was augmented by a very creditable "bag" culled from the waiting-room of a medico of whom Esra reluctantly sought advice, following acute bronchial trouble which had been brought on by trotting around the streets in wet weather. The doctor prescribed certain palliatives, told him to go to bed and take great care of himself, and charged him thirty dollars.

Miriam being no longer in a position to dictate to him, Esra decided the advice about going to bed could safely be postponed until he had left Montreal. After all, business was business. So he carried on for another two days, during which the autumnal rains set in with great severity, and when he boarded the saloon for the return journey he looked a very sick man. He took to his bunk all right, but found his chest so congested that it was both painful and difficult to breathe, making sleep out of the question. So he read and read, and when his supply of reading matter gave out he thought still more sympathetically of the miner, who must surely be anxiously looking forward to Esra's return. The weather, however, got more and more detestable, the rain beating against the windows with implacable force and obscuring the view; so every time Esra wanted to know the name of a station he had to open a window and admit a blast of chill, humid air.

Losing time all the way, the train only arrived at Bitter Creek after darkness had fallen, whereupon Esra realised it was not going to be easy to fulfil his self-appointed task, for in the blackness of the tempestuous night it would be difficult to locate the precise spot at which the precious package was to be dumped.

But he was not easily daunted by difficulties. Getting out of bed, he wrapped himself in a dressing-gown and, arming himself with the package of papers, went out on to the observation platform. He had a long, cold, damp vigil as the train followed its slowly advancing searchlight through the weeping wilderness, and he was wet to the skin when the flash from a gun and the roar of a shot told him the appointed place was reached. Tipping the package over the rail, he waved his hand to the unseen watcher, and tottered back to bed.

Two days later he was in hospital at Winnipeg suffering from pneumonia; five days later he died with a pleased expression on his face.

The red-shirted miner looked across the fire at his companion, a toothless veteran of eighty summers, who was frying trout for breakfast.

"Say," he said, "'twas a noble pile of newspapers that guy handed out last night. We've got enough to carry on tamping charges for a month. And there's some picture papers, too, but I dunno' what they're all about. Dang it, Jem, sometimes I wishes one of us knew how to read!"

N. W.

"Klondike—or Bust!"

LARS PETERSEN (KARL DANE)
Gets an eye-opener from an old prospector

The drama and tragedy of the gold rush to the Klondike, with its slogan, "Klondike—or Bust!" is vividly reproduced in "The Trail of '98," which is now being shown at the Tivoli. The film has been hailed as a masterpiece of its kind

RALPH FORBES AND DOLORES DEL RIO
As Larry and Berna, the hero and heroine of the story

BERNA, WITH MR. AND MRS. BULKEY (TENEN HOLTZ AND EMILY FITZROY).
Prepared for the rush to the Klondike, lured on by the hopes of making a fortune from the miners

Going Racing at Hurst Park

Brit. Illus.

LADY CAMBRIDGE AND HER SISTER, MISS HASTINGS

Brit. Illus.

LORD MOLYNEUX, THE HON. PERCY THELLUSSON, AND CAPTAIN LIONEL MONTAGU

Hurst Park, which is among the meetings where later racing has been introduced, drew a large crowd to the races held there recently. The weather was good and the regularity with which first or second favourites "obliged" on the final day was equally satisfactory — for the punter!

Brit. Illus.

LADY WODEHOUSE AND MR. R. L. JOLLIFFE

Brit. Illus.

THE HON. HENRY AND MRS. TUFTON WITH CAPT. JENKINSON

Brit. Illus.

SIR ROBERT WILMOT AND MISS NANCY WILMOT

News Illus.

LORD GOUGH PHOTOGRAPHED WITH MRS. ROUNDELL

At the Knoyle Vale Gymkhana

MISS DIANA BELL TAKING A JUMP

MRS. C. L. REID, MISS R. WATERS, AND MISS E. BROMLEY

MRS. WALLACE AND MISS CONSTANCE FARQUHARSON

Photographs

LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON AND MR. WEST

The Knoyle Vale Gymkhana, which was held recently at Sedgehill, in Wiltshire, proved a great success in every way. Both the number and class of entries in the different events proved of a satisfactorily high standard, and those who as lookers-on saw most of the game — or, rather, Gymkhana — were well rewarded for their visit

Alfieri

THE MISSES ESTHER AND ELIZABETH USHER

PARISIANA

By "RENÉ

Illustrations by MARCEL PONCIN

'The Englishman affected argued"

MES AMIS,

OUR very worthy Prefect, M. Chiappe, is most desirous that Paris should become a city of silence—that is, as nearly as possible. Obviously, there is little hope that a crowded capital can be a zone of silence by day, but there are certain possibilities of achieving a city of silence by night, and it is to this that the Prefect has applied his attention by commanding motorists to refrain from hooting when the bulk of the citizens are wooing well-earned sleep.

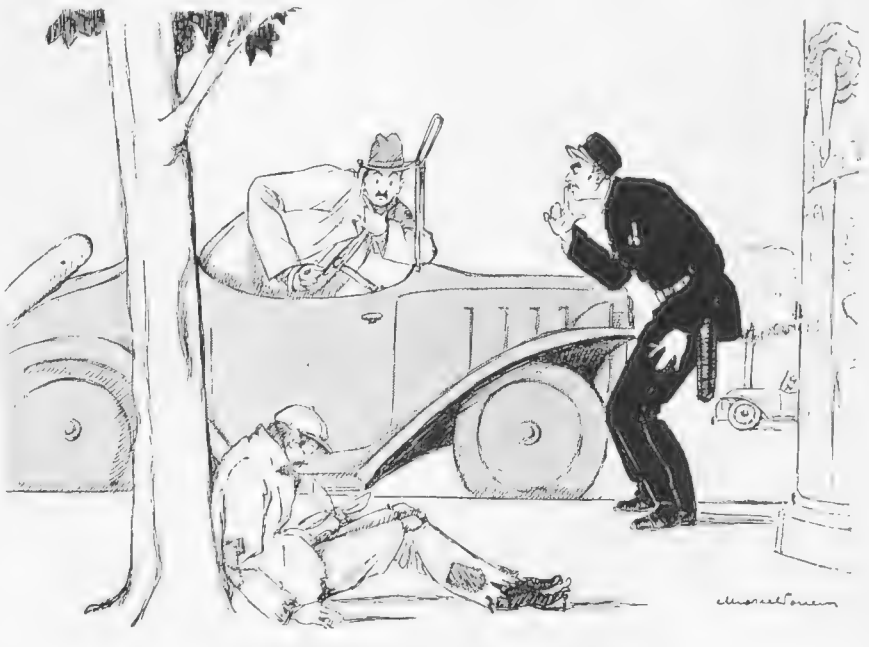
NOW, we have always been taught that silence is golden—in the sense of saving expenditure. But it has to be confessed at once that the new silence rule for hooters does not work out at all like that. Vastly to the contrary. I have had very convincing personal experience, as well as evidence from other reliable, and distressed, authorities. The great idea of the scheme is that motorists should abstain from hooting at crossings, approaching and traversing them with appropriate slowness. Which is perfection itself for 85 per cent. of motorists, but irresistible temptation for the other fifteen.

IT was one of the fifteen that I encountered. I was running at just under ten miles an hour—a speed which would be accepted as adequate by the Prefect—when another car, taking the crossing in the opposite sense, hurtled round the corner on the wrong side at twenty-five miles an hour. The driver was, of course, counting on "the other fellow" either not being there or on getting out of his way. But though I was able to stop dead, he could not swerve sufficiently to avoid me, and the result was a bump in which, as was only just, he fared the worse.

THIS meant, however, a heavy bill for the insurance company, and I am told by friends in the insurance business that this silence regulation, instead of being a saving, is proving very costly. It is made all the more troublesome on account of the "rule of the right" which prevails in France. One would wish to emphasise this on account of the agitation in favour of its adoption in England. While in theory it is excellent, our experience in practice is that it is a most perilous encouragement to the road hog. Knowing that he will stand in a favourable position with the insurance company because he was coming from the right, he just crashes through, leaving it to the others to get out of the way, or, if they cannot, to foot the bill.

THE natural defence of the insurance companies is to put up their premiums. So that a well-intentioned "reform" merely attains the result of making motoring more costly without making it any more safe. It may seem absurd, but the fact is that when there is doubt about a right of priority—and therefore doubt about which party will have to meet the cost in the event of damages—there is much more caution. And it is caution that is wanted—not rights and privileges.

(*Continued on page 500*)



"Commanding motorists to refrain from hooting"

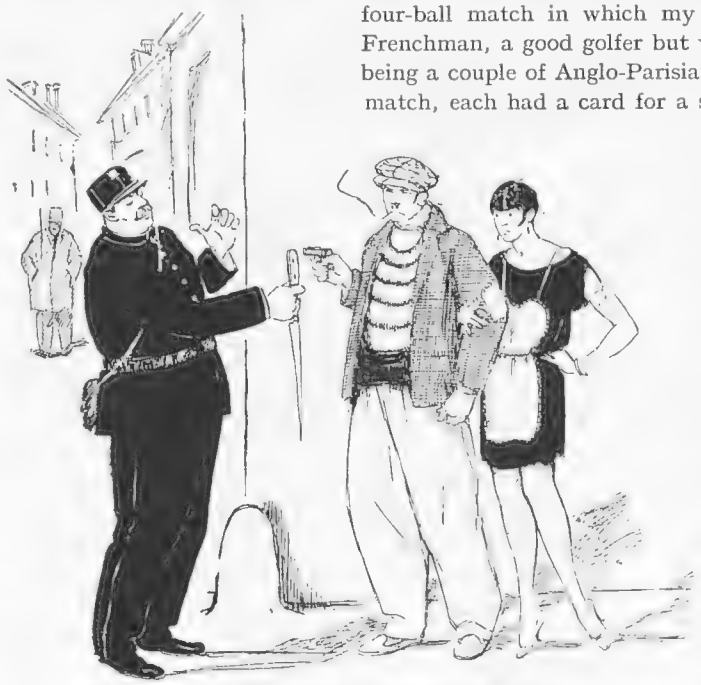
A Star of the Orient

Fred Daniels

ANNA MAY WONG

The remarkable Chinese girl who has made such a big name on the films. She has been engaged to play one of the leading parts in E. A. Dupont's production, "Piccadilly." This film, which will be a super-production on a scale never before attempted in England, has been written for British International Pictures by Arnold Bennett

MOTORISTS of Paris, however, do not wish to discourage a Prefect who is so richly endowed with good intentions, and they therefore suggest that, instead of limiting the silence scheme to automobiles, he should extend it in order to include all kinds of citizens who are prone to manufacture noises by night. There are, *par exemple*, the Apaches—or their descendants, who are no sweeter flowers of the Menilmontant forest because they pass by another name. Clearly, in a quiet city they should be discouraged from employing revolvers and all such weapons as make discordant bangs.



"They should be discouraged from employing revolvers"

BY appropriate circular they should be recommended to use nothing but the "white arm" — long-bladed pocket-knives or poniards so sharp that they would not even cause a grating sound when penetrating the bodies of their victims. And to prospective victims might be given the counsel that in crying "*Au secours*" they should repress their natural impulses to the extent of making their call for help inaudible except within a hundred yards radius.

THERE must be many categories of citizens anxious to follow a lead from the Prefect if he would deign to comprise them in his silence campaign. The roysterers among others—those jolly night birds who get delightfully illuminated after two or three bottles of Saint-Marceaux and like to tell each other repeatedly what fine lads they are—with which *camaraderie* we do not at all disagree. Think how their pleasure would be augmented if the Prefect recommended them to utilise only the deaf and dumb alphabet in their exchange of amenities and their mutual admiration.

THIS idea of the deaf and dumb alphabet appeals to me personally because of a recent experience on a French seaside golf course. We were playing a four-ball match in which my partner was an elderly Frenchman, a good golfer but very deaf, our opponents being a couple of Anglo-Parisians. Apart from our own match, each had a card for a stroke competition. The drive of one of the Englishmen finished on a molehill, or, at least, what had originally been a molehill, this being the point of the controversy.

THE player concerned said he had the right to lift the ball and drop it behind. He did so, despite protesting signals from the Frenchman. The Frenchman insisted that he had no such right, the molehill having been flattened by the passing of a cart, and that by picking up he had disqualified himself from participation in the stroke competition.

THE Englishman affected argued "Once a molehill, always a molehill." The Frenchman said No, otherwise unscrupulous players would always claim the right to lift off a bit of bad ground that could be held to have a resemblance to a molehill. The controversy got louder and louder as the Englishman strove to convince the deaf Frenchman. People in the distant clubhouse, thinking there was a fight, came dashing across. We never settled it. But I do feel that golfers engaging in disputes about rules should be compelled to employ only the deaf and dumb alphabet.

RENÉ.

A TWISTED TALE By BERTRAM PRANCE

HE: "Has she ever been mixed up in a scandal?"
SHE: "Rather! I've never known her to get correct details of a single one!"

SATINS : FOULARDS : TAFFETAS GEORGETTES : NINONS : VOILES MAROCAINS : CREPE DE CHINES

LINGERIE SATIN 6/11
Width 38/40"

FOULARD 5/11
Width 36"

DRESS SATIN 9/11
Width 38/40"

NINON 6/11
Width 38/40"

MAROCAIN 10/9
Width 38/40"

TAFFETA 6/11
Width 38/40"

CREPE DE CHINE 9/11
Width 38/40"

VOILE 4/11
Width 38/40"

JAPPE 4/11
Width 38/40"

TWILL 4/11
Width 38/40"

GEORGETTE 6/11
Width 38/40"

CREPE MALIKA 10/9
Width 38/40"

SUEDE-CHINE 3/11
Width 36"

SELF-STRIPE 6/11
Width 40"
Width 52" 8/11

LOCKNIT 8/11
Width 40"
Width 54" 10/9

CREPE KNIT 3/11
Width 46"

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"DURING REPAIRS AND DECORATIONS . . ."

By PENDARVES

My club—which as all right-thinking fellers agree, is the *only* possible place to belong to in these days, what with one thing and another and all these extraordinary people gettin' into clubs from goodness knows where—is no longer my club. It belongs to several other clubs. One's soul, and the chair one invariably sits in, and the lavatory basin one *prefers* to use, thanks very much, is no longer one's own. A hundred and fifty unpleasant-looking coves insist upon using both. I think I shall resign. But I have heard dozens of men say, "I've a dam good mind to resign." They never do. So I suppose there must be something *in* the place, after all. Can't see any particular advantages about it myself, though: what with our Committee—who never *use* the club except for palsied Committee Meetings, when the Agenda is pure hot air—and this horticulturist of a Secretary of ours . . . But I suppose one mustn't grumble: bad form.

Anyhow, who *are* all these fellers? What do they do? I mean, have they ever *done* anything? It's an infernal nuisance in many ways: chief amongst which is the fact that three times during the last week I have suddenly caught sight of a face in the lavatory mirror and have said jovially, "Good-*morn*ing: how are you? Pig of a day, ain't it? What have you been doing lately?" Only to find that he isn't the feller I thought he was at all, but some other feller: not even a member of the club: most *awkward*: puts you off your lunch—that sort of thing!

And they all have an undertaker's air about them: a slightly disapproving manner. They are our guests, of course, and so they can't actually *say* anything: but they give one the impression—especially when they are examining the cold sideboard through spectacles which they hold out beyond their noses—that they could say quite a lot to our detriment: confounded piece of impertinence—what? After all, our food is just as good as theirs: dam sight better: best food in London: a generally admitted fact: by those competent to judge, that is: heaven knows we pay our chef enough. Only times I had any food in *their* club I was ill for a week after—disgustin' muck.

Looking at the Notice Board I find we have no less than three clubs quartered on us. I call that a scandalous thing: I mean, don't *you?* The Cynics (my sainted aunt!): The Swashbucklers (yes, the Committee *would* do a thing like that): and The Paragon (h'm: last lot not so bad, but so devilish few of 'em: they've all died off). What *our* bill for repairs and decorations will be next year, after all these vandals have done with the place, heaven alone knows!

. . . . . .

My club is closed. Jolly good thing, too. Filthy place at the best of times. Where do we go? Oh, four others are "offering us hospitality," are they? Not free by any chance, I imagine. Which are they? "The Junior Conclusive": m'm: only couple of times I've been there I saw every single man I owed money to. Nothing doing. "The Fast and Furious": not bad: but they are all octogenarians—snore like hell. "The Junior Indigenous." No: was cooped up in one of their self-working lifts for nearly an hour once. "The Horse and Foot"—*that's* better. Food perfect: and can write shoals of letters to people who don't think too much of me on notepaper whose crest really *means* something . . .

Oppressive air of "The Regiment" about this place. Is there still a war on? All those men leaning over the lavatory basins and telling each other how they did the fifteenth in four have quite obviously been through the Staff College in their time. Shall have to go in dirty to lunch. Suppose I *may* lunch? Steward doesn't seem to think so. You are evidently supposed to shoot your cuffs in the dining-room prior to sitting down. But I have got a flannel shirt on. Bad break, this . . . A waiter, plastered with medals, says, "We only serve the *Club* port at lunch, sir." Am sorry I spoke.

Wonder which, if any, of these armchairs I may sit in? And whether I dare order coffee? All these club servants have quite obviously held Warrant Rank. But perhaps they only serve the *Club* coffee after lunch? Must be careful. "One small—er—one black coffee, please." Bet a quid he was a Master-at-Arms: can see it in those cold, grey 10.A eyes. . . . Not a single soul in this room who hasn't been to at least a dozen *Levées*: they are all talkin' like that. Several of 'em lookin' at me: can't very well unearth my packet of gaspers from trouser pocket: am sure it's not done. . . .

"Would I care to make a fourth at a very small game of Bridge, as I seem rather at a loose end?"

But what a perfect old sahib. "Very glad to see us young fellows making use of their club, and hope we are getting all we want." . . . But—well, I'll be . . .

Express Photos

SOMETHING TO SMILE ABOUT

The winning crew in the Ladies' Double Sculls at the Teddington Reach Regatta smile their satisfaction after the race. They are Mrs. E. Wilkins (bow), Mrs. A. E. Marcy (stroke), and Mrs. Foat (cox), all of the Skiff Club

Bystander Bridge

Is Contract Better than Auction?

By A E MANNING FOSTER

As Contract Bridge is gaining ground in this country I advise players who are taking up the game to be careful about the stakes. A man I know was rather badly bitten at a London club through not realising the difference in them.

Roughly, on the American scoring, Contract rubbers are apt to average approximately 2½ times as large as Auction rubbers. That is to say, if you are in the habit of playing Auction at 2s. 6d. per 100 you should not, to preserve the same balance, play Contract for more than 1s. per 100. Contract at 10s. per 100 is a high game, and no one should venture on it without adequate capital.

I find that many players get tremendously keen on Contract for a time, but the passion does not last. There is something rather hectic about Contract. It has more thrills than Auction, but its fascination is apt to wear off, and the player returns with relief to the quieter game.

One thing is certain at Contract. The bad bidder has not a ghost of a chance. He is bound to lose even on good cards. The persistent flag-flier and overcaller gets it "in the neck."

. . . . . .

It is the opinion of Mr. George Reith, Chairman of the Card Committee of the Knickerbocker Whist Club of New York, that Contract is not as good a game as Auction. He considers that it is less elastic, because there is little opportunity to bid deliberately to trap the opponents into penalty situations.

While penalties are incurred at least as frequently in Contract as in Auction, they occur usually by reason of the effort to attain game or slams with values just a trifle short.

When one side has a game and is therefore "vulnerable" the penalties for overbidding are so high that there is little incentive in that situation to exhibit enterprise. Cautious players then are likely to adopt the policy of waiting for the hand with some values to give them the rubber, thereby limiting much of the competitive bidding that would occur in Auction.

Low defensive bids are of no use at Contract, and weak overcalls that would be made rightly at Auction are ruled out. The use of the informatory double is very limited at Contract.

. . . . . .

A number of systems and conventions have been devised to enable partners to discover that they hold between them game-making or slam-making hands. One, to which I have previously referred, is the bidding of a second suit of which you hold none or of which you hold the Ace to show your partner that you can take the first trick in it. But all these methods fall far short of accuracy and tend to spoil the game.

The opening bid of two of a suit which I dislike at Auction is necessary at Contract to denote a hand which you invite partner to support on outside strength with the promise that it is solid if he goes into No Trumps. The opening bidder of two, in fact, implies that he might have bid higher himself but prefers to defer it until he hears what his partner has to say and whether it fits.

The partner of original bidder of two should at love score give the full raise justified by his values. Of course, if he has a Yarborough or nearly a Yarborough he must pass. Otherwise he must assist up to the limit necessary for a game call if he possibly can. If he assists beyond the game bid it is a sign that he is out for slams.

Thus if at love score Z says "Two Hearts," A "No bid," and Y, "Five Hearts," this is an intimation to Z of a particular type of hand which offers opportunities for a grand or little slam if Z can rebid.

The score is all-important at Contract, and every player should keep it and refer to it before bidding. A partial score is of more value at Contract than at Auction.

The Literary Log

ROLLED BY RALPH STRAUS

Gradually all the lesser folk of the eighteenth century are being given books to themselves. The latest of these is Colley Cibber, that curiously pompous but good-natured actor who was so surprisingly made Poet Laureate and wrote quite the worst odes ever given the dignity—if the word may still be used in this connection—of print. He himself wrote an "apology" of his own life, but hitherto nobody has considered him worthy of a full-dress biography. Miss Dorothy Senior's *The Life and Times of Colley Cibber* (Constable: 16*s.* net) is a readable book, which suffers from an almost complete lack of new material. From its pages, however, there does emerge a clear figure, and those who have not made an especial study of the period will find much in the book to amuse and entertain them. They talked much of the dignity of the stage in those days, and Colley talked with them; but with him, in reality, very little mattered except the fact that the world should be talking of Mr. Cibber. They could hiss him, they might dub him the silliest old fool ever born to wear a periwig, they were permitted to laugh at him to his face: he did not care. The limelight was all that he wanted, and in the limelight he spent most of his very long life. His vanity projected him into a number of not very serious quarrels, and he had trouble with his children, none of whom possessed any of his more engaging qualities. Pope, of course, attacked him, and he was occasionally in mildly warm water. Miss Senior is right to draw attention to the virility of his prose, and she is not blind to her hero's lamentable inability to write one good line of verse. Her book is short, but there are interesting appendices, which include a reprint of Cibber's own play, "The Careless Husband," wherein he reintroduced his most famous impersonation of Lord Foppington.

*

After *Beau Geste* and *Beau Sabreur* there comes *Beau Ideal* (Murray: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), and with it Major Wren finishes his trilogy of the Geste family. By this time the author has made so many friends for his "stout fellas" that there is little need for me to speak of them in much detail. You will remember that the two elder Geste boys did not live to return to England, but John came back, after some very remarkable adventures with a most staid and respectable Emir, who turned out to be the American Hank, and married. You might have thought he had had his fill of adventure, but, being a Geste, he could not rest without paying his debt to Hank. And so in the new book you find him once again in Africa, sent to a penal battalion for desertion, and being rescued by another nice American. I confess that I wish Major Wren had not permitted so many coincidences to occur in his story, but he is a great story-teller, and he may be forgiven. Besides, mightily curious things do happen, particularly in North Africa. It is a brave story, and our old friends Hank and Buddy and Sergeant Lebaudy make a welcome reappearance, and there are fights described as few living writers could describe them. And in the future we are to see the author working against a very different background. Well, I will venture to prophesy a remarkably interesting story.

R. S.

A Champion on Tennis

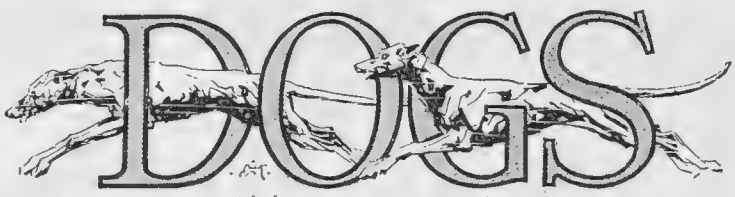
René Lacoste has written an extremely interesting book entitled *Lacoste on Tennis* (Ed. J. Burrows and Co., Ltd.: 5*s.* net), which will undoubtedly have a wide success among lovers of the game. Although the enthusiast will find many hints and tips, the book is by no means a tennis "handbook," for it contains a human story of painstaking endeavour which will appeal to the most unathletic of persons. Readers will find particularly interesting chapters on the Wimbledon competitors and the actual play.

BY APPOINTMENT

A TENNIS TEA INTERVAL

A light tea between the sets. A selection of the choicest cakes and an alluring assortment of the daintiest biscuits. Cool cucumber sandwiches, mustard and cress, lettuce with crisp white hearts, and of course —

Cerebos SALT



By "The Kennelman"

"THREE of your readers who had kennels before '14, and still, praise be, have Dogs, beg you to draw the attention of all doggy folk, and especially all doggy clubs and societies, successful exhibitors, etc., to a recent addition to the list of donations to the Douglas Haig Memorial Homes, i.e., Pekin Dog Association, £112. Example is better than precept."

That's that. Secretaries and committees please note.

In addition to oysters and partridges, stubble and muffins, ratting festivals for the Dogs, and other good things, September of the harvest brings many important Dog Shows, of which more than a score will be benched and fed by Spillers. The younger generation of Dog-fanciers can hardly realise how great a part has been played in the wonderful modern progress of British Dogdom by these famous manufacturers and caterers for all doggy needs, who have placed the whole thing on a scientific basis, and wrought changes as notable as those between Mrs. Gamp and the modern hospital nurse. The Kennel Club's 1928 Field Trials for Retrievers have been fixed for October 23 and 24, and, by permission of the Countess Howe, will be held at Idsworth, Horndean, Hants. The Meet will be at 9.30 at Idsworth House; and there's no better or more interesting opportunity for studying the working qualities of the best Gun-Dogs in the world: Curly, Flat, Golden, and Labrador.

Few things are sadder than the fate of the homeless stray Dog—almost invariably a mongrel—and, like most sad things, this evokes a lot of mawkish sentimentality, in addition to natural and proper sympathy. The mawkishness takes the form of hysterical opposition to all forms of destruction, including perfectly painless euthanasia. And that's a pity, because properly devised and painless extinction is the best thing possible for the homeless stray mongrel; best for him, and best in the true interests of his race. The new Dogs Act Amendment Bill does *not*, as many sentimentalists seem to suppose, alter this or make it permissible for anyone who chooses to take possession of a stray Dog. It still, and rightly, will be incumbent upon anyone who takes a stray in hand to deliver it to the nearest police-station. At the same time, the finder may, if he wishes, give his name and address, and, in the event of no rightful owner being traced, a certificate will be issued authorising the finder to retain the Dog if he undertakes to be responsible for it for at least one month—this to prevent dishonest dealing in strays and lost Dogs. Owners who genuinely lose a Dog, as distinguished from people who deliberately turn valueless mongrels adrift and so make them homeless pariahs and dangers to their kind, may safely be relied on to tell the police. For the others it is true kindness that provides euthanasia.

Whether outdoors or in, the guard or Watch-Dog needs his liberty. The chained Watch-Dog out of doors can be avoided, or doped. It's the greatest mistake to keep the indoor Watch-Dog confined in any one room. At large he is a terror to the evil-doer; locked in a scullery he is robbed of nine-tenths of his value. In Chorley Wood, the other day, a house was ransacked from cellar to attics by burglars, in the absence of its owners; every room being visited and dismantled—except one. In that one respected room the house-guard was shut up: an Airedale, bought for the job. The moral's too obvious to need stressing. The thief fears and avoids even the littlest of Dogs, indoors or out—but only when the Dog is free and unconfined.

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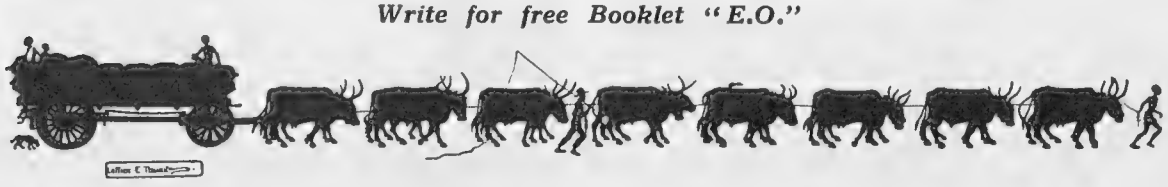

A nose for good things

At last he's found where they keep his Melox. He is glad to see there is a good supply!

He seems to know as well as his owner that he owes his health and happiness to regular feeds of

MELOX
DOG FOODS

Of Corn Merchants everywhere.

What a tease! The mat, *your* shoes, then the cat—not the slightest respect for life or property! But you love him; he's the kiddies' playmate, too, and *must* be kept clean and healthy. No vermin, no skin troubles and *always* a credit to the family if you wash him periodically in

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Suppose we say that the light from a certain electric lamp is equivalent to the light given by sixty candles. A Mazda Lamp holds on tightly to these candles, not merely for the first month or so, but right up to the end of its rated life.

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Sport and General

A CATCH AT LORD'S

H. J. Enthoven, the Middlesex amateur, holds a hot one at short leg in dismissing Hardinge, of Kent, after the latter had made 86. Middlesex had a busy day in the field during Kent's first innings

CRICKET

Some Reflections on the 1928 West Indian Cricket Tour

By MAJOR THE HON. L. H. TENNYSON

THE appearance of this article will coincide more or less with the termination of the tour of the West Indian cricketers in the British Isles. As I wrote something about them on their arrival in this country it will not be amiss, I think, if I say a few words about them on their departure. Anything I say, will, I feel sure, be taken by them in the friendliest spirit, and as said by one well-wisher to another.

I wrote, I remember, when they first arrived, that, granting conditions any way similar to those in which cricket was played in the West Indian islands, our visitors would have a close struggle with the strongest teams our counties could put in the field. I went further; I said that I thought the full England side would have to go all the way to beat them.

The *rôle* of the prophet is proverbially treacherous, and, in case anyone is anxious to convict me out of my own mouth, I admit my remarks on that occasion and assume full responsibility for them.

Was I right or wrong? I think the answer is a little of both. The full strength of the West Indies proved no match for the full strength of England. They were easily beaten in all three Test Matches. Yet there were moments in each of these games in which our visitors, by common consent, dismissed the enormously powerful batting forces opposed to them cheaply enough, considering the wickets they were bowling on. The total of the English side on each occasion would have been considerably less had the chances which were offered been taken. There was a time also in each Test Match when the West Indian batsmen appeared to play the English bowling with consummate ease.

Players who opened their innings seemed to have little to learn from such giants of the game in performance and experience as Hobbs and Sutcliffe. Then these bright hopes faded away, just when some great achievement should have been built on a foundation so well and truly laid, and the end was disaster.

Now cricket is an uncertain game at best, and doubly so for those who are playing away from home in an environment to which they are unaccustomed. None, therefore, should have been surprised, who knows how great the strain of cricket is, if on this, the first occasion on which they have played Test Matches in this country, the players from the West Indies had failed from one cause or another to do themselves full justice.

The paradox of the situation, however, is this. Our visitors considered themselves (in all modesty, I hasten to add) a really good batting and fielding side, but feared that their bowling might suffer from lack of variety, and be inadequate to cope with the succession of great masters of the art of batting, whom they knew they must meet in the Test Matches, or in matches against the stronger counties. I think I may say, however, without offence, that if their bowling has almost always been equal to the occasion—so much so, indeed, that many critics have asserted that it was more formidable than any our side will be likely to meet in Australia—their batting and fielding decidedly has not!

If, indeed, some of the players who came to our shores this spring had played up to their reputations, in that case, to be sure, there might have been a different cricket story to tell.

As a matter of fact, I know the form of more than one of these friendly opponents this summer to have been much too bad to be true. What was the consequence? Although the West Indians' team consisted of a larger number than is usual with touring teams, the same players, in view of the lack of form of some of the members, had to be called on again and again.

One member of the side, I am told, has played in 35 games this season, having missed only one of the whole series. Several of his colleagues, too, are more or less in the same boat.

Such a strenuous time is particularly hard when one considers the conditions in which cricket is played in the West Indies.

Except when teams from the Old Country are visiting them, the game is only played once a week, on the Saturday half-holiday, as the cricketers who take part in them are earning their living in sundry other occupations. This, I feel pretty sure, is one of the explanations of the in-and-out form shown by them during the last few weeks of the season. They are not used, like our county players, to such a prolonged course of cricket, and have become tired and stale, and unable to throw off the effects of past mistakes and defeats.

Well, there is no more to be said on this score, except that the next team which visits the Old Country must learn from the experience of this one, and try to prepare themselves with complete adequacy for the stress and turmoil of the English cricket season.

I have had to dwell somewhat unwillingly on possible disappointments and failures, because I am afraid that the West Indians may be conscious, as those who know them best are, that they have not done themselves full justice.

Let me say here, however, that they have won the hearts of all by the sportsmanlike and gallant way in which they have taken the rub of the game, and any disillusionment that may have come their way.

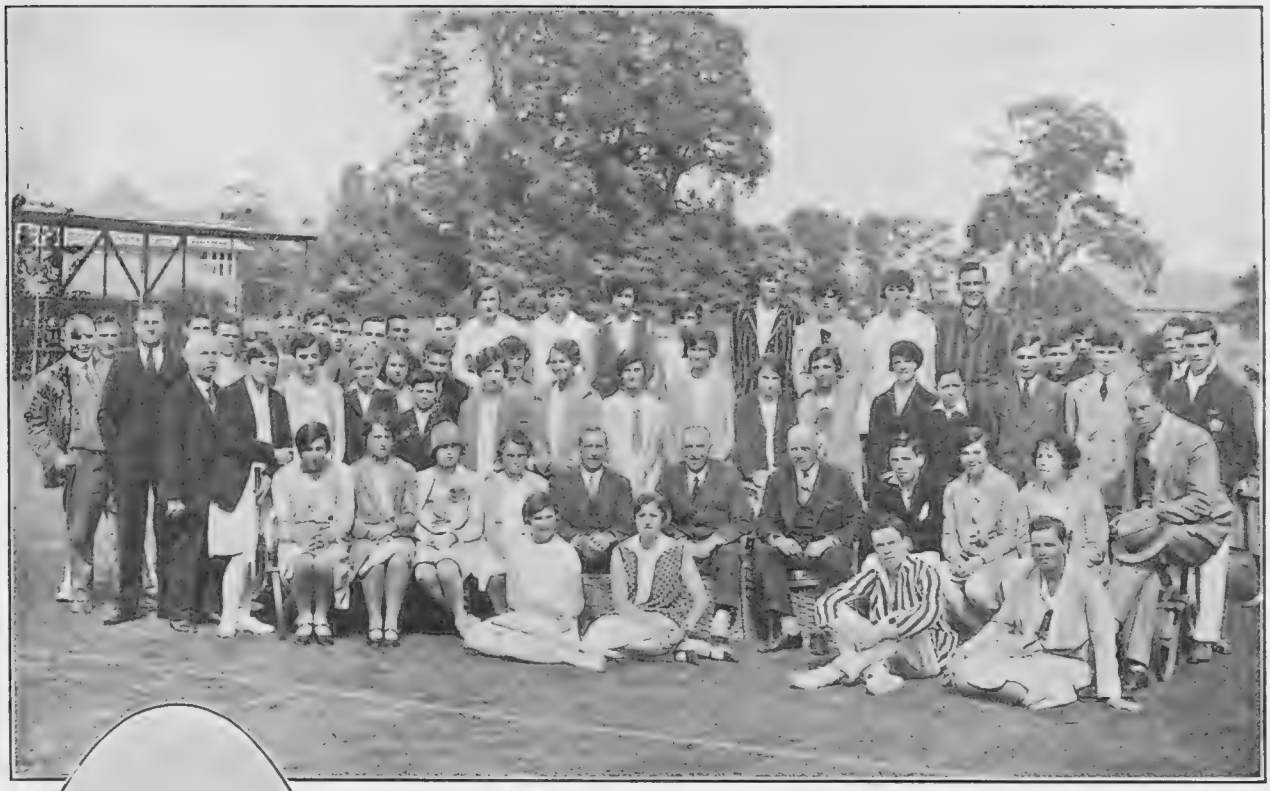
They have never failed to draw a big crowd, and their cricket has always been full of life and interest. They have made friends wherever they have gone, and the name of Constantine is not likely to be forgotten for many a year.

As far as I am personally concerned I am not saying "goodbye" to them for long, I am glad to say. Mr. Julian Cahn has made himself responsible for taking out a side to Jamaica this winter, and has most kindly asked me to form one of his party.

The names of those chosen have not yet been published, but I am at liberty to say that the team will be by far the strongest that has hitherto visited the West Indies.

Up to now, and on their own grounds, and under conditions with which they are familiar, the West Indians have done extremely well against visitors from this side. It will be very interesting to see, therefore, what will be the result when a powerful combination, such as Mr. Cahn has just collected, does battle with them in their own land.

Rising Stars of the Tennis World



Sport and General

BEFORE BATTLE

Some of the competitors and officials in the Surrey Junior Championships, held at Surbiton, face the photographer. The standard of play was commendably high

AT FRINTON *Keystone*

Miss Sheila Hicks playing in the Junior Tournament, held recently at Frinton-on-Sea

MISS BETTY KENDALL *Photo Illus.*

One of the most promising of the younger generation, playing in the Kent Junior Championships, at Beckenham

IN FULL STRIDE *Photo Illus.*

Miss McMahon, another competitor in the Kent Junior Championships. She is seen making a forehand running drive

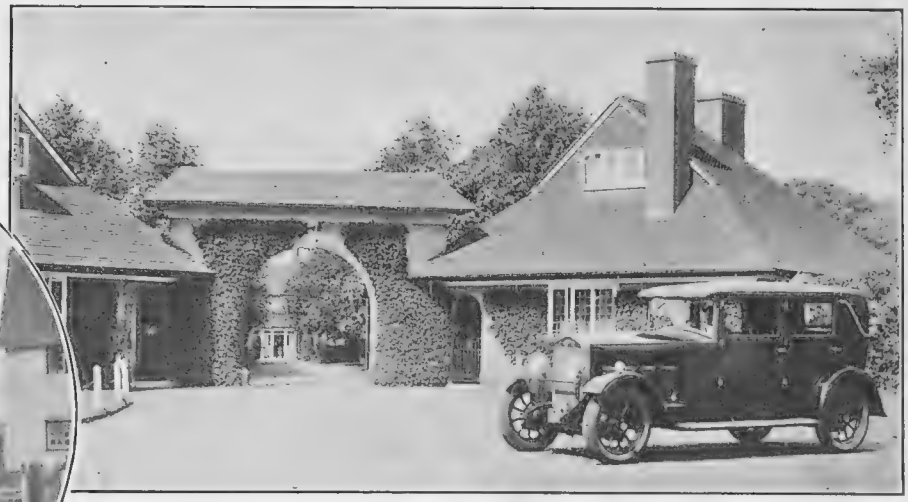
The end of August sees the County Junior Championships in full swing, and this year a great number of young people started to get used to tournament conditions young, by entering for one or other of the championships. The standard of play was generally more than satisfactory, as was the number of entries

Motor Notes

By E. M. WRIGHT

OLD AND NEW

The latest Crossley 15·7 Six makes an interesting contrast to the old barn in the background. Seward's End, Essex, is the scene of the photograph



IN THE MIDLANDS

The Wolseley Straight Eight fitted with an attractive fabric saloon body is a car which enjoys well-deserved popularity. The photograph was taken on the Banbury-Warwick road

WOULD-BE tourists on the Continent cannot complain of lack of guidance on the subject if they read their BYSTANDER. Not that I ever have the space to expand on the subject here, but I do not think I miss any worth-while book that might help my readers. The latest, for instance, is another little volume by that well-known writer, Mr. Charles S. Freeston, F.R.G.S., entitled "Motoring on the Continent." This deals with over sixty road routes to the principal resorts and touring areas of Europe. Specially drawn maps are included, and the illustrations are of exceptional interest. Instead of the usual type of Continental picture, there is either a rare and little known view or a more familiar spot under exceptional conditions. There is a complete index (which is so often overlooked in this sort of book) and additional chapters on touring in Algeria and Tunis. It is a really practical handbook. The price is 5*s.*, postage 6*d.*, and the publishers are Ed. J. Burrow and Co., of Cheltenham.

***

THERE have been persistent rumours that the Government intend to make safety glass compulsory on all vehicles. This was referred to by Mr. Frank Hough, chairman of the Splintex Safety Glass concern, at the last meeting of the shareholders. Whether there is any truth in

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R.A.C. INTERNATIONAL TOURIST TROPHY RACE

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1st Mr. Kaye Don LEA-FRANCIS 2nd Mr. L. Cushman ALVIS

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24 HOURS

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in complete safety

On what does complete safety depend? Brakes? Steering? Control? All of these, yes, but you may drive with the utmost care, your car may be mechanically perfect, but so long as it is fitted with ordinary glass you are at the mercy of the other fellow's fool-tricks.

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Shatter-proof X XX Splinter-proof *-and be safe*

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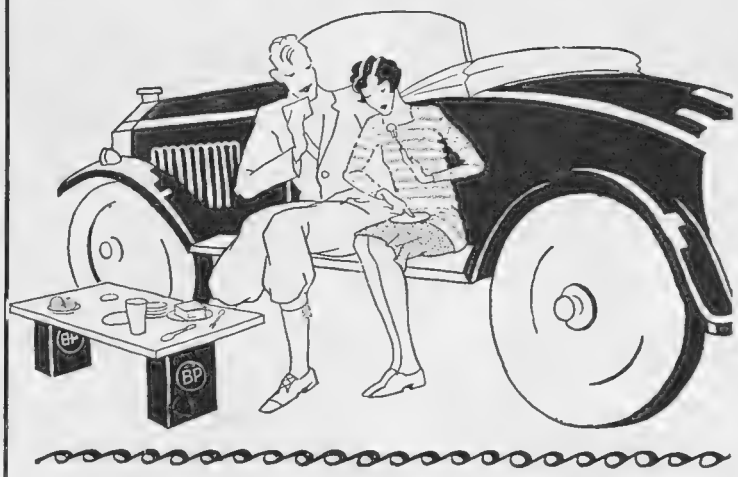
"BP" Proverbs, No. 9



"THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING IS IN THE EATING"

THE PROOF OF THE PETROL IS IN THE USING - FILL UP WITH

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THE SPIRIT THAT IS ALWAYS UP TO PROOF

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the rumour or not, it seems highly desirable that, at any rate, the proprietors of public conveyances should be made to fit some form of unsplinterable glass. The ever-increasing toll of road accidents, which reached its height during the holiday month of August, is involving more and more 'buses and charabancs. Though I am loath to advocate legal compulsion in any department of motoring, this does seem to be a direction in which Government action is required.

* *
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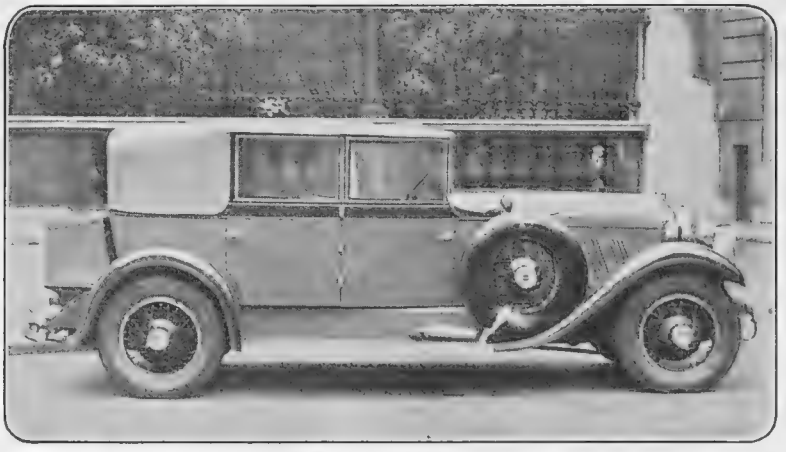
By the way, in connection with Splintex, I am interested to see that recently a provisional contract was signed with an American financial group for the flotation of a company in that country to manufacture this brand of safety glass; and that the British Splintex people will have a very substantial holding. One of the features of this glass that appealed to the Americans is that it does not discolour. This is not a claim; it is definitely guaranteed by the makers.

* *
*

The Auburn, which Malcolm Campbell, Ltd., of St. James's Street, S.W.1, are handling in this country, is rather out of the common ruck of American cars. The chassis, for instance, has several exclusive features that are only found on higher-priced vehicles. For example, it is fitted with the Bijur system of central lubrication to a full twenty-one points. Petrol supply is by a positive pump, which is the coming system. Ross cam-and-lever steering and a Lanchester crank-shaft vibration damper are standard on all models. Amongst the coachwork is one very handsome body known as the "phaeton," which can be completely open or closed. The three chassis are called "76," "88," and "115," according to the brake horse-power developed in each case, and are respectively a six-cylinder, tax £20, price £495; a small eight-cylinder, taxed at £27, price £675; and a larger eight-cylinder of 34 h.p. Treasury rating, priced at £830; the prices in each case being those for the five-seater standard saloon. Exceptionally handsome lines and colour work, of which there is a wide variety available, are features of the various bodies.



A NEW STANDARD BODY

The harmonious lines of this Auburn are most restful to the eye, yet give a hint of great speed. The Phaeton body is a new Auburn style, this being the first time such a body has been available as a standard model on any car

* *
*

The Departmental Committee appointed to inquire into Ethyl petrol has not yet concluded its investigation, but it has felt so strongly with regard to some of the allegations made against Ethyl that it has thought fit to publish an interim report, which explodes most of the findings of so-called investigations conducted by newspapers and the like. The fact is that Ethyl contains lead in the proportion of one part to 1,300 parts of petrol. There are dozens of solids and liquids commonly used by every family that contain more poison than this. Why, in a half-pound tin of ordinary paint there is more lead than in 124 gallons of Ethyl petrol. Photographers use chemicals every day that contain a greater proportion of poison, and they are left where the children can get at them.

E. M. Wright.

VAPEX (REG. TRADE MARK) INHALANT

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COLD in the HEAD
INFLUENZA
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etc., etc.

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GARAGE ACCOMMODATION FOR 70 CARS.

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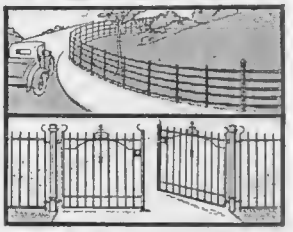

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A fresh dab of *Pond's Vanishing Cream*, the use of a powder puff, and a moment with a comb will complete the transformation, leaving you looking and feeling perfectly cool and fresh—your charming self.

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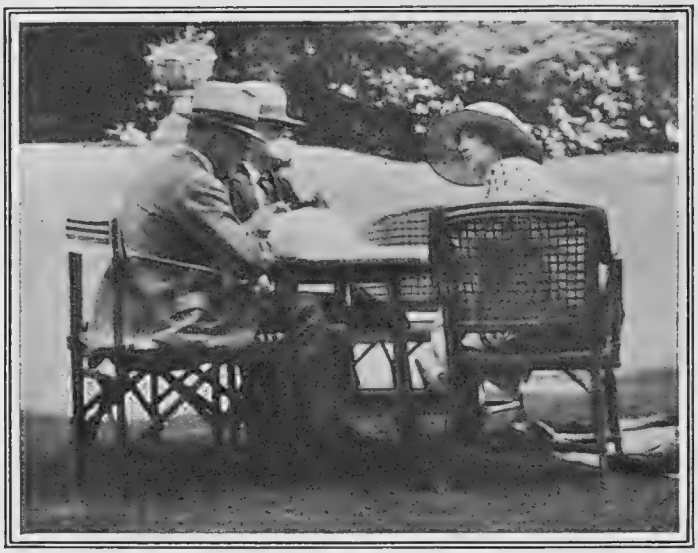
"To soothe and smooth your skin"

Pond's Vanishing and Cold Creams



A WORKING PARTY

Sir John and Lady Martin-Harvey photographed working on the book of "Scaramouche" in the garden of their home at East Sheen with Mr. Rafael Sabatini, the author. They are presenting "Scaramouche" on tour

Femina

Sightseers and Seers of Sights

By CANDIDA

What a spacious world it would be if sight-seeing had never been invented! There would be room in it to breathe, to move, and lead an uncrumpled existence, instead of rushing madly from where you are to where you aren't, and meeting half only the inhabitants of where you aren't tearing at break-neck speed to where you are. That's life as we live it in the holidays. That's living, as compared with existence, where you "stay put," as they say in America. And while you tear along you look, and sometimes you see, which is seeing sights, and sometimes you just look, which is sight-seeing.

Now, sight-seeing, it's understood, is a thing that isn't done at home. Even an American at home wouldn't waste time over his sights—if he had them. He would behave as we do in London, carefully avoiding the places that the crowds with Baedekers go and stare at. "Places of interest" have no interest at all for the people who live round the corner. But when one comes back from a holiday, and is brimful of energy and ozone, even they, the places round the corner, have added unto them a new interest. After gazing for four weeks at sights one didn't want to see, but saw from sheer lack of initiative, one acquires the habit. For sight-seeing is a habit that some are born with, and some acquire in holiday time, and some have thrust upon them by their friends and relations; and some never get at all, but they have either too much or too little character to count in the scheme of things.

Not, of course, that the born sightseers are feeble-minded. Far from it. I know some excellent people who set about seeing everything everywhere systematically, as I don't doubt they order the rest of their lives. They wouldn't dream of going to places without seeing all that was seeable, hearing all that was hearable, and consequently, let us hope, feeling all that was feelable. If an occasion for sight-seeing ever escaped them, which it doesn't, they'd certainly feel with the poet that the opportunity

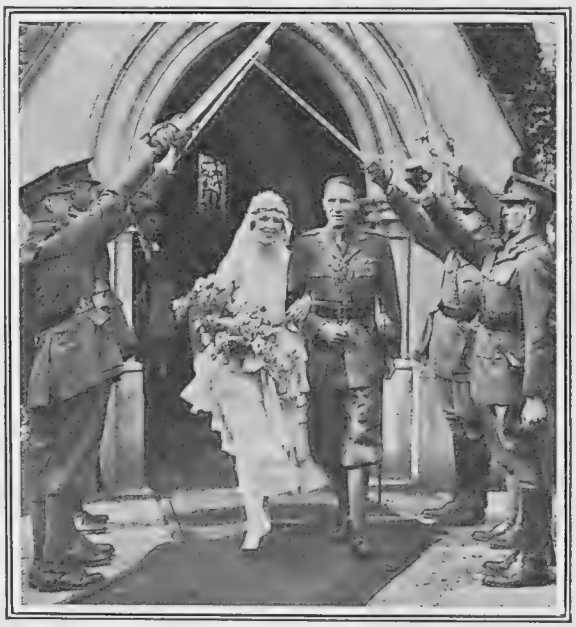
"Which had escaped them in an idle moment
In all Eternity would not come back again."

But, of course, it never does escape them.

There's a record, I believe, in one's brain cells of everything one's ever seen. Poor brain! Bad enough to have to note all the goings-on of life as it was lived in the slow old days, but in these—think of it, when so much goes on and everybody goes everywhere and sees everything! Sees without seeing it, of course—that's the sum total of most people's sight-seeing. But the benighted dears imagine that they're adding to their artistic or historic, or whatever it is, education! As if education could be added unto some people! "Rome," a young woman and a sightseer is supposed to have said, "wasn't that the place where I bought that jumper that didn't match?" She's an old story, I believe; but I did hear another sightseer's casual comment on Edinburgh—Edinburgh, that almost perfect city, that pearl of beauty, that stronghold of great traditions. "Edinburgh," said he, "wasn't that where we had that bad puncture last week?"

It's easy to be superior at the expense of people who go rolling through the world on wheels, especially when we ourselves don't roll as often as we'd like. But for balls and wheels, what an intelligent world it might be! Balls take up all your time, but wheels don't go round for ever, and in the intervals there's time to eat and sleep and stare. Especially stare. Round every place of interest they cluster as thick as bees, the baby Austins, the little Singers, the Morrises, the Citroëns, and even the big imposing ones that ought to know better. Inside you can't find a foothold for the crowd, and the voice of the guide is heard echoing down vast spaces, that voice that drones on relentlessly and would rob of interest a page out of Paradise itself. Yes, I know one must earn a living somehow, but why doesn't some sprig of the Varsity down on his luck take up the tale and give us the benefit of what culture he's got left? True, the sight-seeing audience isn't exactly stimulating. If ever it had any intelligence it's probably left it at home or in the car or somewhere.

Then there's this touching faith we've got that everything that's old must of necessity be interesting. If only a courageous somebody would make a stand, would contradict the naïve legend that the people who lived long ago were either out-and-out saints or magnificent sinners, when it's obvious that they were neither very good nor very bad, but merely human, and that humanity hasn't changed very much from that day to this!



Topical

LEAVING THE CHURCH

Capt. P. H. Denver, of the Sikh Regiment, and his bride, Miss Alison Crow, photographed after their wedding. They were married at Grayswood Church, Haslemere

Horace W. Nicholls

THE BATHER

A Camera Study of England's Summer

When it's a question of Overcoats, "The New Tailoring" supplies the answer. Choice? Only when you actually see what a tremendous selection there is, will you believe that so many fine garments could be assembled under one roof. Style? Every style that is good style, but chiefly double-breasted, since that promises to be the trend this Winter. Fit? A system of sizes and fittings so comprehensive that men of practically every build can be fitted perfectly. Cloth? Scores of beautiful British fabrics which give all the luxury of look and feel you would expect in overcoats made from what are recognised as the finest cloths the world produces.

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for every occasion. Fine cloths finely tailored, from
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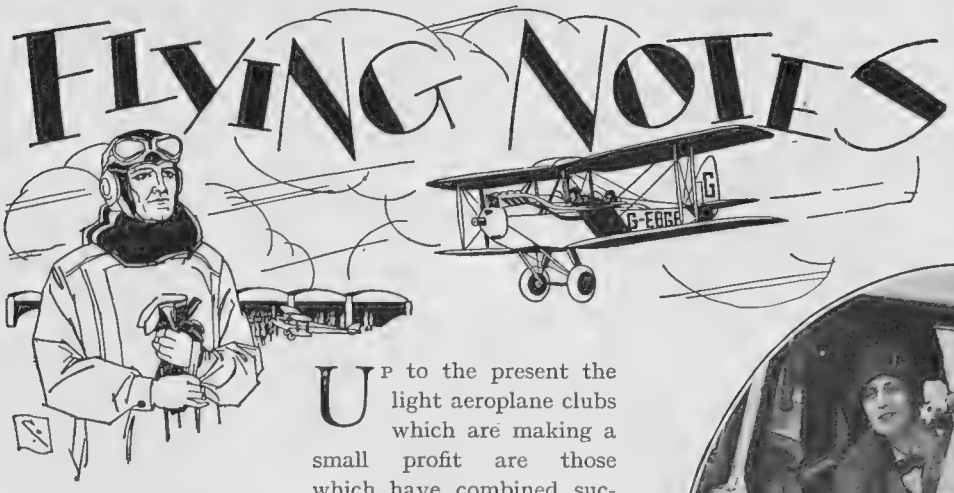
FLYING NOTES



UP to the present the light aeroplane clubs which are making a small profit are those which have combined successfully the social side with the flying side of club life. A comfortable club house is an essential in this country, where the weather is almost an uninsurable risk, and new members can be attracted by a pleasant indoor "atmosphere" on a wet day as well as by a desire to fly that silvery "Moth" when the sun shines. And when the sun does shine the tail of the list waiting to fly can play tennis at some of the clubs, so that gradually they are becoming country clubs, and it is in this direction that their real future lies. Proposals have already been made to secure a large country house with extensive grounds near London for a sort of national club, and no doubt this idea will appeal in other parts of the country, either for rehousing existing clubs or for starting new ones.

Quite a number of people went to Belfast by air for the great road race. Sir Sefton Brancker and Sir Alan Cobham, who travelled together in the former's "Moth" D.C.A., had a true busman's holiday, for they were consulted about aeroplanes, air lines, and air clubs wherever they went. A club for Belfast may be expected shortly, and it is certain that they will organise things extremely well in Northern Ireland, where aeroplanes and flying boats are already recognised as the country's most important means of communication in future. Captain Olley took an Imperial Airways machine from Croydon to Belfast non-stop in 4½ hours, carrying some special parts for one of the cars in the race. Lt.-Col. Henderson and Mr. Anderson from Brooklands were among the visitors who flew up to the course, where they carried a number of spectators to view the race from above, and put in a week's flying from Malone aerodrome before returning to England.

Topical

A MODERN HONEYMOON

The Hon. H. B. Rodney and his bride photographed at Croydon before flying to Paris for their honeymoon. The 'plane which the bridegroom flies is a Junker machine

Capt. C. D. Barnard has had very bad luck on his trip to the East, for after a tedious delay on the edge of the Persian Gulf, waiting for engine spares, he made a great flight to Karachi non-stop from Bushire, only to find that his propeller was so badly cracked that a spare must be ordered. The Duchess of Bedford is returning by mail steamer, and Barnard will attempt a rapid return flight, weather and spare parts permitting. Meanwhile, Mr. Levine has chosen a Junker machine for his latest attempt on an east to west Atlantic crossing, on which he will be accompanied by Miss Mabel Boll, and piloted by Mr. Bert Acosta, one of America's most experienced long-distance pilots. Out of compliment to the lady, the machine is being named the "Queen of Diamonds."

A new world's record has been created by the "Gipsy Moth" in which Capt. Broad kept awake for twenty-four hours Taking off with a load of 80 gallons of petrol, a larder stocked with coffee, sandwiches, and hard-boiled eggs, and three

British Illus.

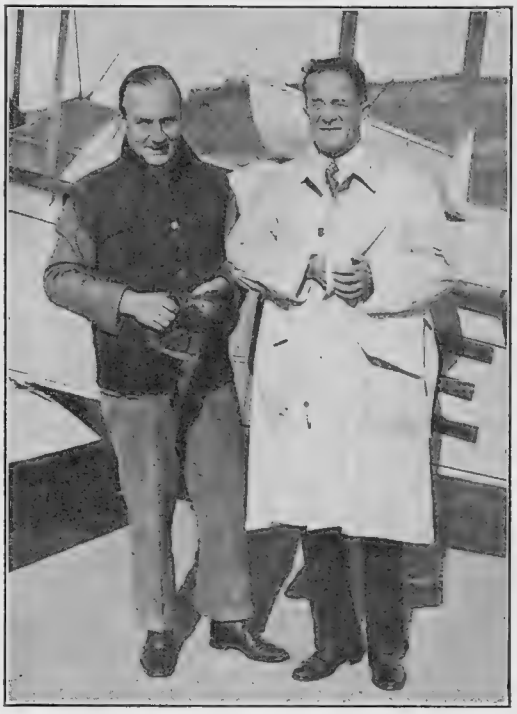
BEFORE THE TRIP

Miss Sicele O'Brien, the daughter of Sir Timothy O'Brien, in the cockpit of the aeroplane in which she gives lessons. Standing beside it is the Hon. Katherine Leith, Lord Burgh's half-sister, who has been receiving instruction from Miss O'Brien

best thrillers, he wandered over the whole of Southern England in an attempt to tire out the engine, which was found, however, to be running perfectly when tested at the end of the trip.

Flying times are increasing rapidly at Hooton Park, the new Liverpool Club being fortunate in having Flight-Lieut. Bentley as its chief pilot-instructor. The Lancashire Club has had great difficulty in replacing their chief instructor, as there seems to be a shortage of pilots who have passed the C.F.S. course and who are also on the credit side of the insurance group's books. The new Canadian clubs are offering high salaries to British pilots, and others are wanted for Australia, so there should be no unemployment this winter.

Flying has become a family affair at the Norfolk and Norwich Club, where both Capt. Cator, the vice-chairman, and his wife are soloists. This distinction is also held by Capt. Cyril Turner and his wife, who are on a visit to this country from the Continent. Capt. Turner was one of the original "sky-writing" pilots, and is now European manager for the American Fairchild Aviation Company.



L.N.A.

KNIGHTS OF THE AIR

Sir Alan Cobham (left) and Air Vice-Marshal Sir Sefton Brancker at Liverpool. The photograph was taken prior to their flight to Ireland to discuss the proposed Liverpool-Belfast Air Service

Some slotted "Moths" have been flown to their new owners by Mr. J. V. Holman, who is an instructor at the De Havilland School. He took one to Renfrew for Mr. J. D. Roberts in 7½ hours and delivered two others at Waddington for officers in the R.A.F. The "ferry-pilot," as distinct from a test pilot or an instructor, will become a classification once again now that production in some of the factories is approaching that reached during the War. Ferrying is an interesting job provided one has a bump of locality and a capacity for missing the night train back to the works. "A Knight in London" has been taking to the air at Stag Lane whilst playing in a new film. It is not yet known whether he is rescuing the damsel from the house-tops, or dropping her by parachute in the early hours of the morning on to the parental lawn.

There is plenty of space in an air liner to stage a scene of a film drama, and light 'planes provide another means of escape from a tight corner, and we have all the material in this country to make a flying film without dragging in the War.

C. E. WARD.

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WHY, OF COURSE—
WHERE'S THE
LEA & PERRINS
SAUCE?

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Pipe, Cigar or Cigarette—no matter which—the delicate membranes of the throat object to smoke, which eventually produces irritation, either mild or severe. There are few smokers who have not experienced the uncomfortable effect of "one cigarette too many." To prevent this, take an "Allenburys" Glycerine and Black Currant Pastille occasionally between smokes and let it dissolve slowly in the mouth. Containing pure glycerine and the luscious fresh juice of ripe black currants, they are delightfully soothing. They effectually remove the smell of smoke from the breath.

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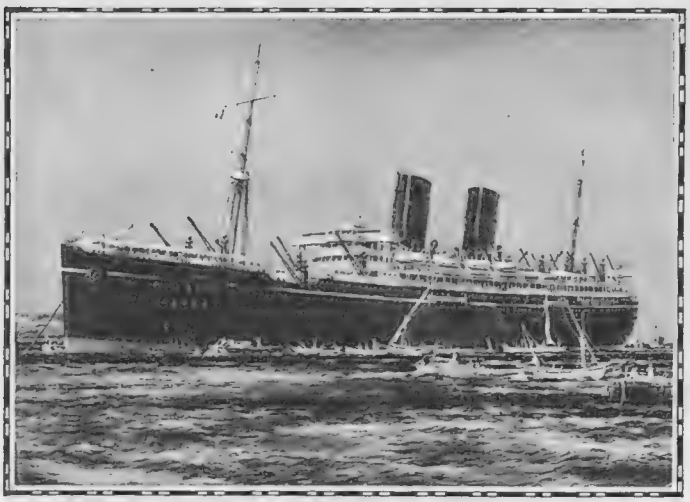

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Nom d'une pipe.

"NOM d'une pipe!" says the inhabitant of Gaul. A quaint phrase—sometimes strengthened by the prefix "Sacré" to make it more emphatic!

Now our subject is "Nom d'un chapeau"—the name of a hat. It's quite as vital as a pipe—and, in this case, it happens to be a "Battersby."

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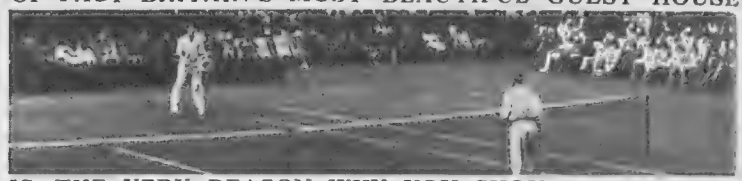
NOT TAKE A HOLIDAY IN AUTUMN—AS A MATTER

OF FACT BRITAIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL GUEST HOUSE



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Combination Ciné-Camera and Projector.

The 'Campro' is a daylight loading Combination machine which 'takes' ciné-photographs and also projects them any size up to 7 ft. in width.

The 'British Journal of Photography' (the official organ of the Royal Photographic Society) says: "The 'Campro' has a degree of efficiency unequalled in any other amateur apparatus."

The 'Campro' is of standard professional gauge and will therefore project all cinema films. It is the cheapest standard-gauge outfit in the world and is the only machine, at any price, which will 'take' and 'project' all forms of film material.

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Complete Outfit **10 gns.**
(including lamps, etc.)
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Detailed particulars sent post free from the Sole Makers :—

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"STANDARD" POETS.
LEWIS CARROLL.

"The time has come," the Walrus said,
"To talk of many things:
Of shoes and ships and sealing wax,
Of cabbages and kings."

—ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

So we may be excused if we ask you to have a talk about the future of your boy. There is a Wonder Land in store for him if you equip him well for the battle of life. To do this you must give him the best education you can. But education is expensive these days. Let us help you while the boy is young to provide against the day when the final years of education are so costly.

A PUBLIC SCHOOLS POLICY
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will secure for you

(1) £100 a year for 5 years when the boy attains 13, 14 and 15, or any selected age.
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Fashion's Fancies

By CYNTHIA

Innovations in Neck Lines

A GREAT deal of thought has been expended upon the treatment of the neck line of the new Autumn models, and several very interesting modes have been launched. In evening dresses the feminine atmosphere has been strongly emphasised, which means that straight, hard lines are no longer seen. Instead, bodices are frequently draped, and are cut in a deep oval, which extends almost to the waist at the back. Jewelled shoulder straps are used on satin or *panne* velvet gowns. The handkerchief square still remains in favour, but in its newest guise it is of georgette, bordered with large glittering flowers, or of the same material as the frock, absolutely untrimmed. The two narrow ends are loosely knotted in front.

Kerchief Influence Remains

KERCHIEFS have become more sophisticated, and seldom appear in their familiar simple form. They may spring from the dress itself, being cut in one with it, or they may be made from a scarf cut down the centre for two-thirds of the way and arranged across the shoulders, the short end being rounded on the right side and the two long ends hanging in *jabot* form from the back and front of the left shoulder. On plain frocks these usually show broad horizontal stripes. Obviously inspired by the kerchief are the quaint little peaked yokes of fur on the back of day coats. There are two pointed ends in front, one of which is threaded through the other. They are made of short-haired furs, such as astrakhan, caracul, or ermine.

Allenbury's Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles will effectively prevent smoking from in any way injuring the throat or roughening the voice

Simple and Attractive Frocks

ALWAYS there are occasions when women need pretty but not too elaborate dresses, and in the early Autumn these are particularly frequent. Illustrated at the foot of this page is one that would look very charming beneath a plain coat. It is of printed *crêpe de Chine* in shades of saxe-blue and beige on a navy ground. The two-tiered skirt shows the fashionable dipping hem-line. The scalloped edges are all bound with navy blue, and a finishing touch is added by the buckle of antique design. It costs only 6 guineas at Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, 108, Kensington High Street, and 175, Sloane Street.

A Friend in Need

WITH the coming of evenings that are chilly many people feel the need of night attire which has a fair amount of weight, although they could not don anything that might irritate a tender skin. Luckily there is not any need for them to do so, for pyjamas made of Luvisca cannot fail to satisfy even the most fastidious. This fabric, which is woven from artificial silk, may be obtained in beautiful colours in a very large range of excellent patterns, and it can be worn, washed, and ironed time after time without losing an iota of its original charm. Men and women alike appreciate its softness and its amazing durability, and Luvisca shirts and pyjamas, as well as blouses, jumpers, and dresses, may be obtained at the leading outfitters everywhere. For children, too, it is ideal.

This frock of printed crêpe de Chine is distinguished by the two-tiered dipping skirt and the neat scalloped edges. (Walpole Bros.)

Sketches by Clyte

Women are not alone in their enthusiastic appreciation of Luvisca, for men, too, esteem it highly as the fabricating medium of their own shirts and pyjamas

These two coats come from Leathercraft, of Malvern — which means they are excellently cut on the newest, most slenderising lines, and that they are absolutely British throughout

To Soothe the Throat

A VOICE that is low and sweet is one of the greatest of all charms, but it is one that is not improved by any irritation of the tender membrane of the throat. It is not to be expected that women will give up smoking, and it is therefore good to know that Allenbury's Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles will soothe the throat and drive away every trace of huskiness and soreness. These pastilles are made from fresh ripe fruit, and they may be obtained practically everywhere.

An Infallible Choice

LEATHER garments march steadily on towards perfection, and Leathercraft, of Malvern, 169, Sloane Street, and 15-17, Brompton Arcade, have brought the fashioning of such clothes to a high art. Their cutters and designers are responsible for coats which cannot be too strongly commended, and every single thing about them is British throughout. Illustrated on this page is the "Basil," a short coat of leather and *suède* or of stencilled and plain *suède*. It is cut on slender lines, and would be ideal for town or country wear. Practicability is the main characteristic of the long coat, which has been created for motoring or walking.

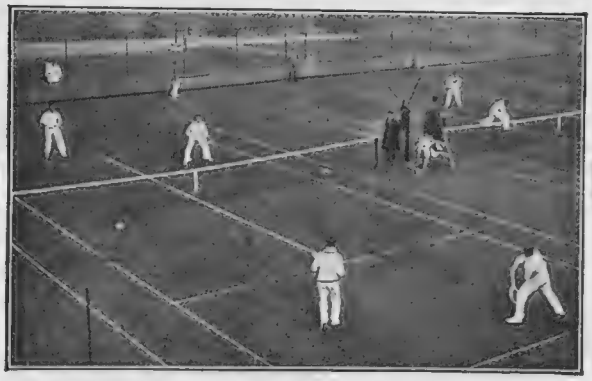
The Charm of Novelty

THE first hats at the beginning of any season are always exciting, for they have the unfailing advantage of being a complete change. At the foot of this page are two useful little pull-ons from Woodrow, 46, Piccadilly. The "Cromer" is of antelope felt, trimmed with Petersham ribbon. The adaptable brim makes it both interesting and becoming. In all sizes and all colours, it costs 35*s*., while for the same price there is the "Lynn," which is of waterproof felt. Originality is imparted to this by the small tucks in the crown.

Rainproof felt has been used by Woodrow's for the fashioning of this useful little pull-on, while antelope felt, trimmed with Petersham ribbon, expresses the one above it

Sketches by Margot

By Appointment Hard Lawn Tennis Court Makers to H.M. The King.



"EN-TOUT-CAS" Courts at the Carhullen Club, Plymouth, being used by the Argentine Davis Cup Players.

TO-DAY MR. W. T. TILDEN HOLDS THE SAME VIEWS AS HE DID THREE YEARS AGO

Mr. W. T. Tilden, in the July 1928 issue of "American Lawn Tennis," says :—

"I would suggest that the Court be the Red 'En-Tout-Cas' surface, which is the best of all the dirt surfaces that I know."

In his book "Match Play and the Spin of the Ball," published three years ago, he stated :—

"The Court should be dark in colour, capable of retaining moisture and of a consistency that will be soft, springy, but not slippery. The 'En-Tout-Cas' Court seems almost ideal."

"THE En-Tout-Cas" HARD LAWN TENNIS COURT

RED OR GREEN — RED OR GREEN

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ODOLISE and be IDOLISED!

An Odol Smile

Miss LAURA LA PLANTE, the famous film actress, writes :—

"Acting for the films entails a great deal of travelling about, so that scenes may be 'shot' in the right surroundings. I have one constant companion on every journey—a flask of ODOL, which I never forget.

"For me there is no other dentifrice to take its place—no understudy, in fact! And I am sure nobody who has not used ODOL can realise how fragrant and refreshing it can be."

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Large Flask, 3/6; Medium Flask, 2/6; Trial Flask, 6d.

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"La Saison de Cannes"

The special number of this journal, which was published recently, is very beautifully produced and contains a vast amount of interesting information about the charming Riviera town to whose interests it is devoted. The illustrations, both photographic and otherwise, are excellent, and much of the reading matter is in both French and English. It is published under the auspices of the Syndicat d'Initiative de Cannes, the Hotels Association, and the Municipal Casino, and, consequently, contains the most authentic information about the town and its programme for the season.

Down in "Zummerzet"

Of all the counties of England surely one of the fairest and friendliest is Somerset with its leafly lanes, its gentle vales and its soft skies. As a well-known writer once testified, "to know Somerset well is to know the soul of Old England," for in this pleasant county is enshrined much that went to make our country great in the centuries now gone. Bath, Glastonbury, Porlock, Taunton, are but a few of the places famous each in its own way, for Somerset is indeed extremely rich in historical associations. In "Somerset Ways," that fascinating guide book published by the Great Western Railway Co., and illustrated with many photographs, will be found a remarkably comprehensive account of all that interests the visitor to this county. At the low sum of sixpence, this book, which tells one all that is worth knowing about Somerset, is a real boon. Among other features of "Somerset Ways," are an excellent map of the district and also a map of the country covered by the Great Western Railway.

A SPLENDID PLAYER

Mr. A. P. F. Chapman, who will captain the English Test team which visits Australia this winter, being presented with a "His Master's Voice" Portable Gramophone for the use of the team. Although the "H.M.V." always gets the "needle" before playing, it never fails to sustain its splendid form!

A TOUR OF INSPECTION

Mr. Jack Buchanan being instructed in some of the mysteries of Dailight Television by Mr. Baird, the inventor, with whom he was at school when a boy. Dailight Television is Mr. Baird's latest advance, and is of great value, for heretofore it has been necessary to place the subject being televised in intense artificial light

A New Service to Palestine

The London office of the Lloyd Triestino (16, Waterloo Place, S.W.1) announces that, in view of the development in both ordinary passenger and tourist traffic to Palestine, the company has decided to run a regular and direct service from Trieste every other Thursday, calling at Brindisi and proceeding thence to Jaffa, Haifa, Beyrout and Alexandria. The first sailing will take place on September 27, and the fares will be very low. The vessels to be allocated to this service are the *Bucovina* and *Gianicolo*, each having very comfortable cabin accommodation and excellent cuisine. The new service will provide the most direct communication from this country to Palestine, and a useful service between Alexandria and Beyrout.

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Examples of extraordinary value:

Turkey Carpets	12′×9′	£13 13 0
Wilton Carpets	12′×9′	£10 5 0
Seamless Axminster Carpets	12′×9′	£6 15 0
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Plain Saxony Carpet		from 9/6 per yard
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Fancy Coloured Turkey Carpets. Largest variety at Lower Prices than those to be found elsewhere

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NEW BROCHE VELVET TWO-PIECE TEA FROCKS

Tea Frock Salon Second Floor.

Two-piece Tea Frock. *The Sleeveless Frock is in Broche Velvet cut with cross-over bodice and two-tiered skirt, and the full length coat is of georgette with long sleeves finished with deep hem of broche. In Black and a few good colours.*

PRICE

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FIVE pounds of blackberries, 3 lb. of apples, ¾ lb. of sugar to every 1 lb. of fruit, and half a pint of water. Put the blackberries, the apples, peeled and cored, and 1 lb. of sugar into a stewpan, and let it stew gently until the fruit is quite soft, then strain through a cloth, and to every 1 lb. of pulp put ¾ lb. of sugar. Let it boil one and a half hours.

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The green bullace plum makes excellent cheese. Put the plums in a jar, stand them in a pan of boiling water over the fire, and cook gently until quite tender, then press out the juice. Now remove the skins and stones of the plums. Weigh them and boil them until they become dry. Add 6 oz. pounded sugar to each 1 lb. of fruit; stir them together off the fire till the sugar is dissolved, then cook all together again till the mixture will leave the sides of the pan quite clean. Press it into jars, and cover down tightly with paper, the under piece being dipped into brandy.

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To every 5 lb. of marrow allow 5 lb. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 oz. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar (and a little water to keep it from burning) in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

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To 6 lb. of mulberries put 3 pints of water and 2 oz. of citric acid. Let it stand three days, frequently stirring it, then strain through muslin, and to each pint add ¾ lb. of sugar; do not boil, but when the sugar is dissolved bottle in clear glass bottles, and in three days cook and keep in a cool place. When required for a jelly: Take 2 oz. gelatine, soaked in water and stirred in a saucepan till dissolved; add sufficient fruit syrup to flavour and colour it. Set in a damp mould, and let it stand till quite cold. Do not boil the syrup, as it spoils the colour.

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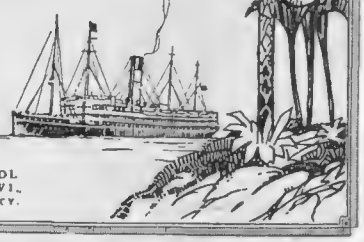

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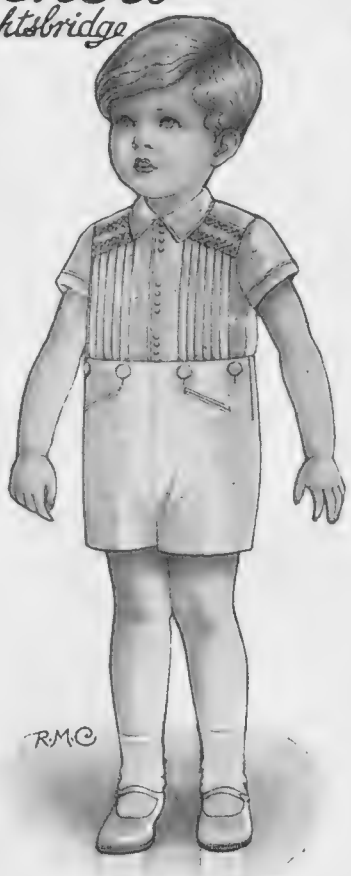

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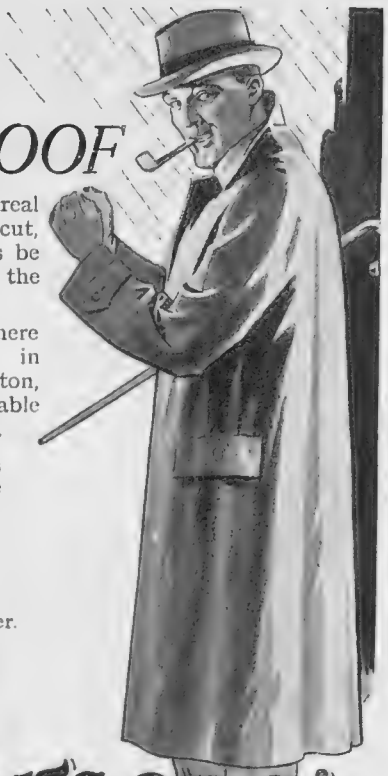

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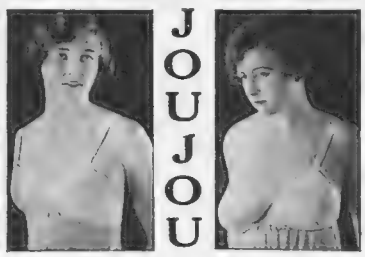

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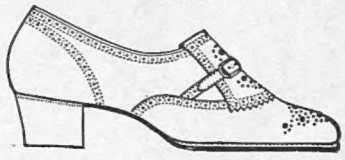

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Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office. American Agents : International News Company New York.
Sole Agents for South Africa : Central News Agency, Limited.